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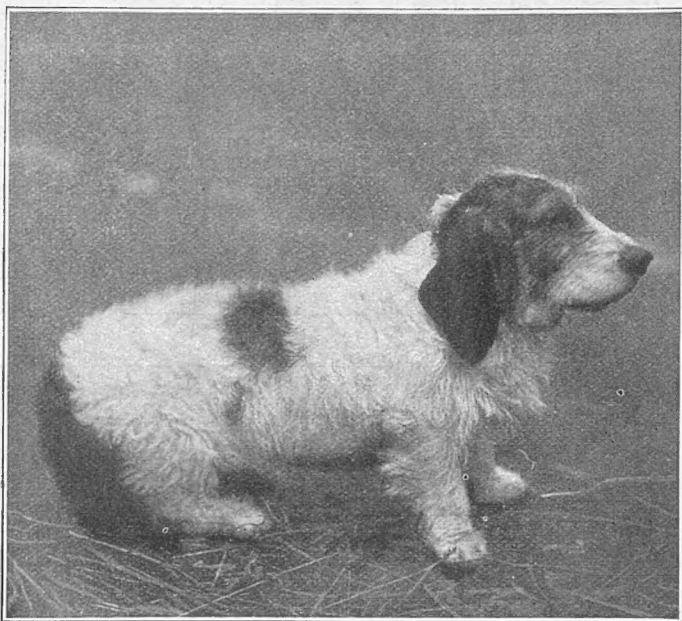
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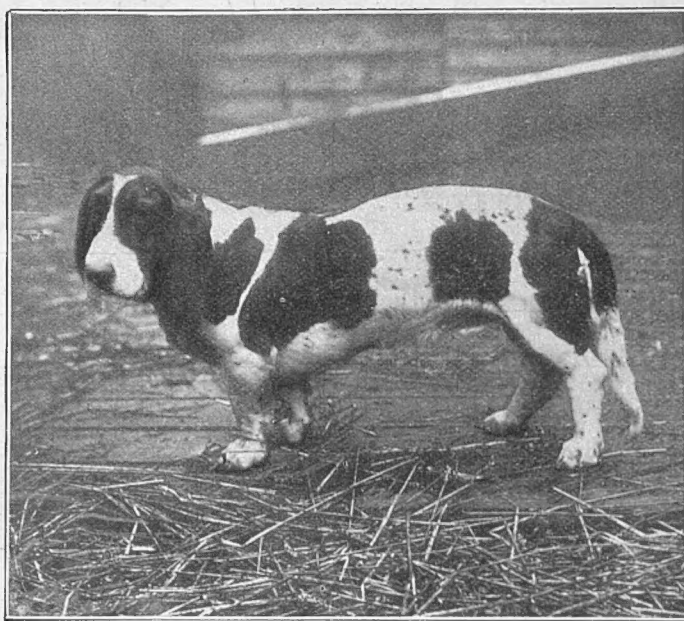
MR. JOHN HARE AS BEAU FARINTOSH IN "SCHOOL," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

THE DOGS OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.



ROUGH BASSET-HOUND, SANDRINGHAM BABIL.



SMOOTH BASSET-HOUND, SANDRINGHAM FLORA.

Perhaps of all the many dogs owned by the Prince and Princess of Wales the beautiful Borzoi Alex is the best known, he having been so frequently exhibited at the big dog shows, where he has carried off first prizes and specials innumerable. Alex was presented by his breeder, M. A. J. Rousseau, to the Princess during her stay in St. Petersburg in 1894, when he was under a year old. He is a tall and most graceful white dog, with a fawn brindle patch on one shoulder, an evenly marked head, and beautifully small ears. He is extremely gentle and good-tempered.

The Prince's Siberian dog Luska is one who is invariably surrounded by an admiring crowd whenever he is on the show-bench. He is a remarkably handsome specimen of his breed, probably the best in this country, and he is always shown in a condition which reflects credit on the Prince's kennelman, Rumsden.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S COLLIE, NEWMARKET NICETY.
Photo by Pugh, Liverpool.

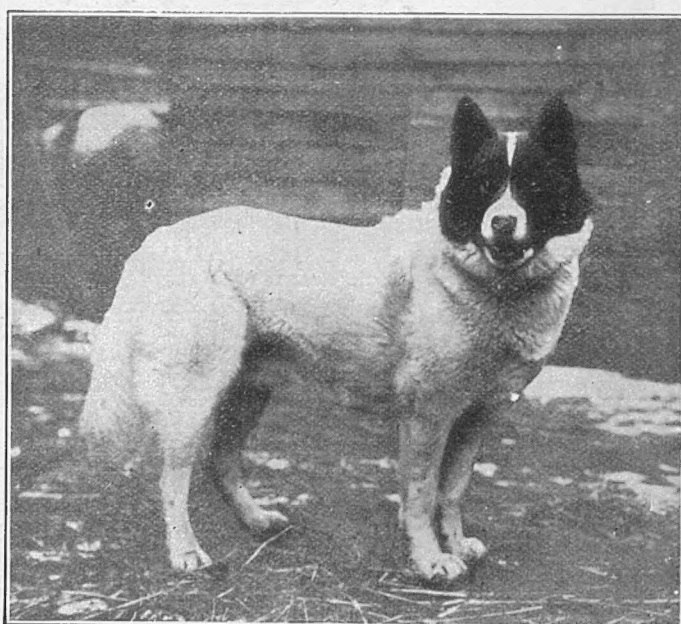
Luska is not a particularly friendly dog, but his affections are bestowed upon the Princess, who is perfectly fearless with all animals. Luska was at the October Crystal Palace Show. He is the winner of many prizes.

Sandringham Babil is a handsome rough basset-hound, who was bred by the Prince and born at Sandringham on New Year's Day, 1896. He is a well-known prize-winner, having been awarded many firsts and specials. His sire, Zero, is owned and has often been shown by the Princess.

Newmarket Nicety is a lovely sable-and-white collie owned by the Princess, and at the Ranelagh Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association was first in the limit class for bitches. Previous to that she had been the winner of three firsts. She has not been shown very recently, but spends her happy days in that doggy paradise the Sandringham Kennels.

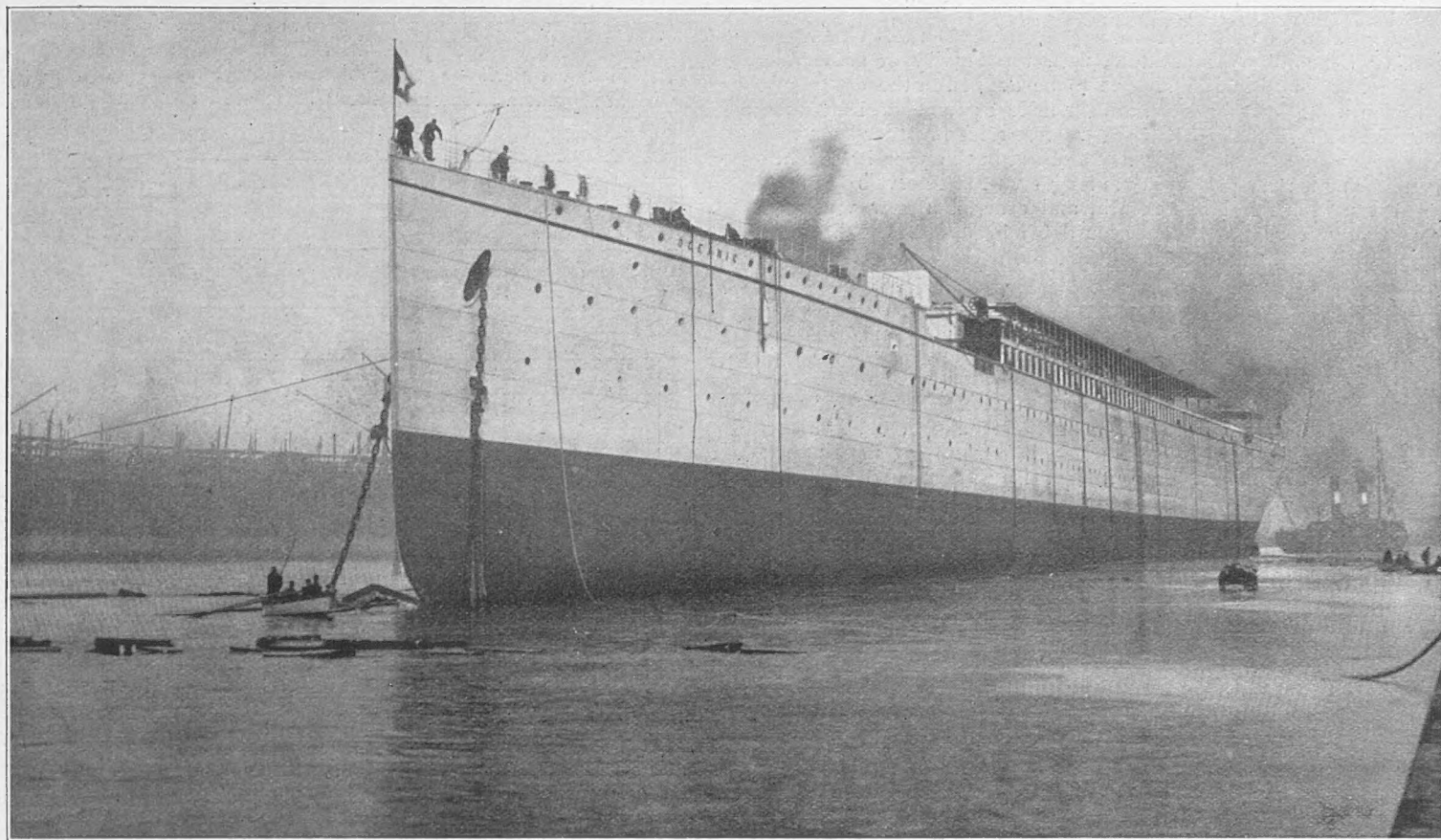


BORZOI, ALEX.



SIBERIAN SLEDGE-DOG, LUSKA '96.

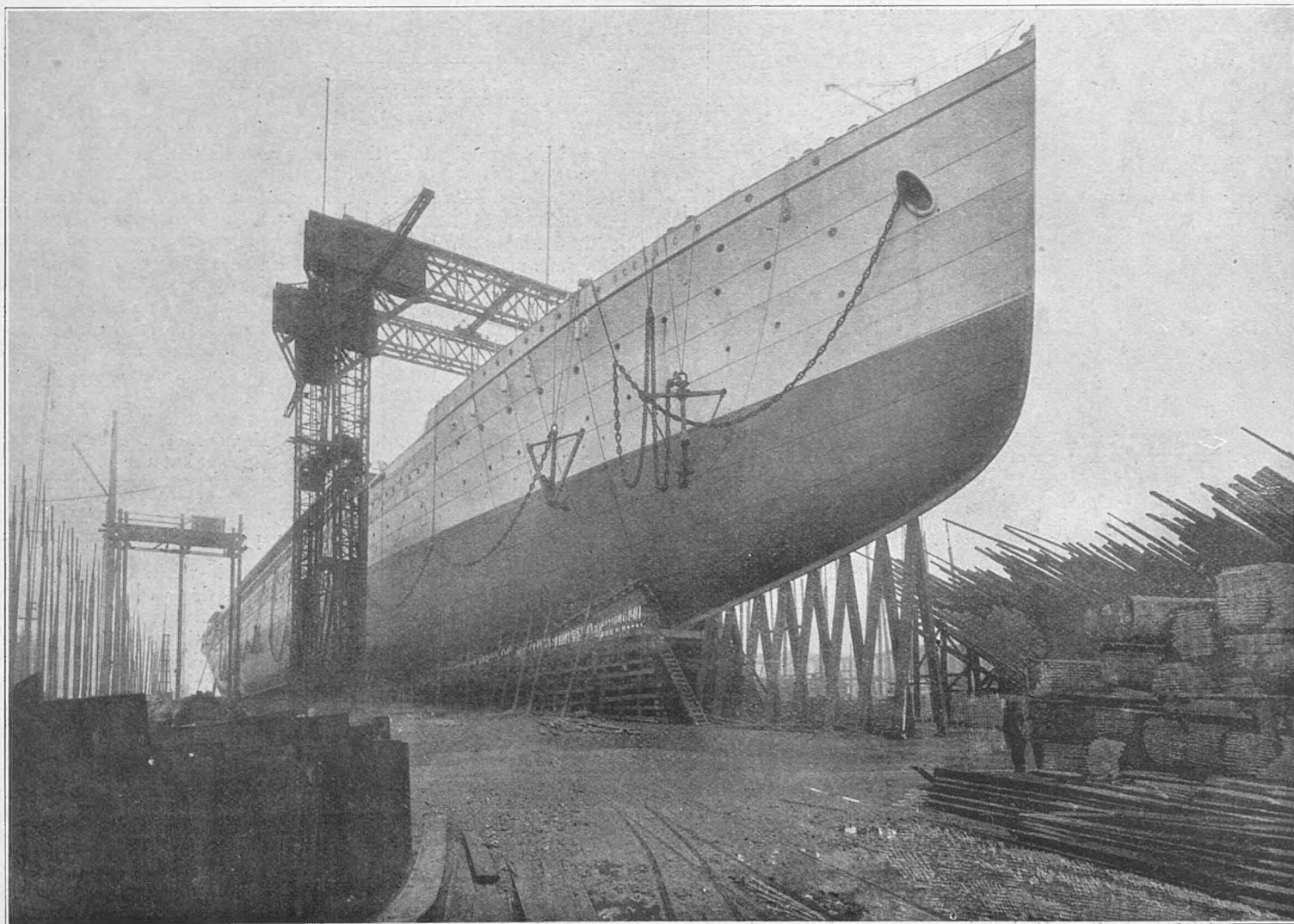
THE BIGGEST SHIP THAT THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN.



THE "OCEANIC" IN HER NATURAL ELEMENT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WELCH, BELFAST.

The White Star Liner, the "Oceanic," which was launched on Saturday from the yard of Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, is the largest and heaviest ship ever made. She is 705½ feet long, against the "Great Eastern's" 691 feet, and would fill three-quarters of the Haymarket. Her gross tonnage is 17,000; the diameter of the propeller is 21 feet. She has taken twenty-two months to build will cost nearly £1,000,000, and will carry 1,499 passengers and 394 of a crew.



THE "OCEANIC" IN THE YARD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

CLEMENT SCOTT ON "SCHOOL."

Will you allow me, with some earnestness, to protest against certain extraordinary fallacies that have been started about the costumes in Robertson's "School." We are told, with the gravity of conviction, that this play, produced in 1869, ought to be dressed in the costume of 1869. But in what sartorial detail did the male costume of 1869 differ from that of 1899? I will put these estimable critics further back than that. I employ the same tailor to-day as I did in the year 1860, and a trusting tailor he is; he has given me long credit at intervals for forty years, and I paid his bill last month, and ordered a new wardrobe. Supposing, therefore, "School" had been dated 1860, and not 1869, what difference in male costume could be pointed out? In 1860 we wore the same tall silk hats, the same low pot-hats, the same frock-coats, the same cut-away coats, the same boots and Oxford shoes, almost the same collars, the same neck-ties. Trousers have altered in cut, but very little in shape. They have been tight, they have been loose, they have been baggy, they have been peg-topped, they have been groom-like. But there has been no material difference whatever in men's dress for more than forty years. In fact, the youth of to-day affects old-fashioned garments. In 1860, thirty-nine years ago, I took up my appointment in a West-End Government Office attired in a frock-coat, a double-breasted waistcoat, a pair of shepherd's-plaid trousers—still popular—a tall silk hat, a Chesterfield overcoat of exactly the same pattern as to-day, and swinging a neat little umbrella bought in the Burlington Arcade at a shop that flourishes to this hour. I have returned recently to the same hosier in Piccadilly that I employed in 1860, and I can find no alarming difference in shirts or hosiery, except that they are prettier and more fantastic. Women's dress constantly changes, but it goes round in circles, and constantly reverts to the original. We were looking over some old theatrical photographs the other day. One was of a beauty in the 'sixties. My wife said, "Why, she is wearing exactly the same-shaped hat that I am wearing to-day!" A change from powder to natural hair, from silk and satin coats to broadcloth, from knee-breeches and silk stockings to pantaloons, from what were virtually tights to trousers, is a change indeed. But to say that the male costume of 1869 differs, except in the mildest detail, from that of 1899 is absurd. If Sir Squire Bancroft were to play Jack Poyntz to-day in the same clothes he wore in 1869 he would be absolutely correct.

But what are we to say of the critic who urges that the costumes in the new "School" are wrong because Mr. Hare wears a blue coat and

very much alive and kicking. In point of fact, I saw a dear old gentleman in blue coat and brass buttons at the Actors' Orphanage Bazaar at the Botanical Gardens a very short time ago. He bought everything he could lay his hands on, and flirted with all the pretty women. That's what they did in the old days.

In theatrical parlance the "'sixties" have been for years past a proverbial reproach. And now the "'seventies" are coming in for it by



MISS MAY HARVEY AS NAOMI TIGHE IN "SCHOOL."

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street Strand.

those who actually talk themselves into the belief that dramatic art started into life in England with Ibsen, the new school, and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Take, for instance, the year 1874, when comedy new and old was still gloriously represented at the Haymarket by Charles Mathews, Edward Askew Sothorn, and Buckstone; when J. L. Toole, in his prime, was enjoying the unmistakable favour of London playgoers and those in the provinces; when Charles Wyndham was rapidly and firmly rising to a high point of popularity, and when that most excellent of comedians, John S. Clarke—not to be confounded, as some critics have done, with little John Clarke of the Marie Wilton days at the Strand, but John Sleeper Clarke, the Wellington de Boots, the inimitable Toodles, and the best Dr. Pangloss and Bob Acres that the stage has ever seen—was, by his individual attractiveness and strong personality, filling to repletion at intervals the Haymarket, the Strand, and the Adelphi. The young school has much to say, but the old school is not dumb in consequence.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

"FREAKS" OF LONG AGO.

Carelessly turning over the leaves of an old-world tome, I have come upon descriptions of monsters and of freaks that would have been worth millions of ducats to an Elizabethan Barnum. Some had only one leg, yet were so nimble in leaping therewith that their speed was faster than that of any animal, biped or quadruped. Indeed, so long was this single leg that in summer-time this strange kind of mortal lay upon the ground, and, raising the leg, used it as a parasol! Another species—or perhaps, more strictly speaking, variety—had no nose, tiny holes supplying the place of that organ. A third kind had no mouth, but filled the duties thereof in some measure by the nose, drawing in the odours of fruits and plants (being a vegetarian apparently), and thus receiving nourishment. Imagine in a Side-Show "The One-legged Parasol Man," and "The Man that Eats with his Nose"! Further, there were beings like the Dog-Faced Queen of old fairs, with faces like dogs, and feet like the hoofs of oxen; and in this category is also place assigned to "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." It should be remembered that it is exceedingly likely that, either in the original or in a translation, Shakspeare had this very book in his hands, for it had a great vogue at the end of the sixteenth century, so much so, indeed, that Cervantes actually includes it as one of the works contained in Don Quixote's Library. The volume comprises other curiosities and freaks.



MISS TERRY LEWIS AS BELLA IN "SCHOOL."

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

brass buttons? In 1869 Beau Farintosh was almost of the last century. We knew him. He existed. But does this estimable critic never see to-day a blue coat and brass buttons in the neighbourhood of St. James's Street, Pall Mall, and the Travellers' or Athenæum Club? I do. The old fogey, beau, or buck is not dead yet. In fact, in the country he is



A PHOTOGRAPHIC FANTASY.

MISS JENNIE OWEN AS SHE APPEARS OFF THE STAGE AND AS SHE APPEARS IN "ALADDIN," AT THE BRIXTON THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEX, EBURY STREET, S.W.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

There has been some doubt as to where the Liberal meeting for the election of a Parliamentary Leader should be held. The meeting at which Lord Hartington was chosen in 1875 took place at the Reform Club. That was the last occasion on which the necessity for choosing a Leader fell on the party in Opposition. Since then Home Rule has split the Reform Club in twain. Liberal-Unionists and Home Rule Liberals have continued to dwell together in polite antagonism, each section claiming to be in the true apostolic succession. Some of the Radicals have objected to attend a party-meeting at the Reform, which they consider a tainted place. They would have preferred to go to the National Liberal, but in this club some of the older and more Whiggish members have never been seen. The Leaders scarcely ever enter it except at receptions and other special functions. They were present in force a short time before the defeat of the Rosebery Government, when Sir William Harcourt distinguished himself by describing the Prime Minister as "the Leader of the Government in the House of Lords." Even while serving under Lord Rosebery, Sir William refused to describe him as his chief.

Murat shares with Moses and many others more or less celebrated the distinction of an unknown grave. On Oct. 13, 1815, when the ex-King of Naples fell before a platoon of execution at Pizzo, in Calabria, his remains were, according to one account, buried in the little Church of St. George. According to local tradition, however, the body was thrown into the sea in order to remove all trace of the post-mortem decapitation ordered by the savagery of Ferdinand IV. of Naples. An attempt is being made to clear up this obscure point by the descendants of Murat's daughters, the Italian families Pepoli of Bologna, Torella of Naples, and Rasponi of Ravenna. Researches are being prosecuted in the Church of St. George at Pizzo, and, should the remains of the unfortunate soldier be discovered and properly authenticated, they will be removed to Bologna and interred by the side of his daughter Letitia-Josephine, wife



STATUE OF MURAT FOR BOLOGNA.

of the Marquis Guido Taddeo Pepoli. Her tomb it is which I picture on this page. The monument is surmounted with a statue of Murat by Vela. It stands in the Certosa Cemetery at Bologna. Apropos of this inquiry, an accomplished French journalist has brought to light in the columns of *L'Illustration* a wonderfully impressive account of Murat's

death. The ex-King's fortitude was even greater than is common when brave and soldierly spirits encounter such a fate. He himself gave the order, "Ready—present—fire," as calmly as if at exercise, and when the platoon, from sheer emotion, missed him, he repeated the command in ringing tones. This time two bullets struck him full in the breast, and all was over.

Mr. C. Caccia, of Hans Studio, Chelsea, has modelled this statuette of Dreyfus. His statue of Abraham Lincoln was exhibited at the Royal Academy, you may remember.

Lovely Bordighera is filling fast, and the presence of the German Empress at the Hotel Angst seems to have given an extra fillip to its always crowded season. The semi-tropical foliage of the sun-soaked Riviera seems, indeed, to blossom more luxuriantly here than even in other parts of this lovely coast, and many of the gardens are now a tangle of trailing roses, mimosa, and jessamine in full bloom. The Casa Coraggio, where Dr. George Macdonald and his charming wife have long held quite a little court, is the meeting-point of the English colony, and those admitted to the famous afternoon readings held there, amidst their enviable environment of climate and culture, bring away memories worth recalling indeed. Among those already foregathered in this enchanted corner of the Mediterranean seaboard are Sir James and Lady de Hoghton, Lady Graham, Colonel Cantley, Major and Mrs. Chaplin, the Baroness von Edelsheim, Countess Gnadt-Isny, Major Marling, and Mrs. Carr-Dryer.

Mild little Montreux, which the wished-for snow still persistently refuses to visit, has, apparently, given itself over body and soul to dancing ever since the New Year opened. All the hotels, beginning with the Grand, have been fiddling and footing it with a will, so that Mrs. Bullock's capitably done theatricals were quite a welcome diversion from this embarrassment of one particular gaiety, and people bidden to the Villa Dubochet last week responded with effusion to this pleasant invitation promising "games" and music, in addition to the plays "A Little Breeze" and "An Expedient," which went off with *éclat*. Lady John Taylour, Miss Taylour, Marquise de Pierrefon, Baron and Baroness van Roeder, Mr. and Mrs. Woodgate, Mr. Sidney Lee, and Mr. Foley are among the well-known faces to be seen at the daily Kursaal concerts, and the Petit Chevaux Salén is, needless to add, as crowded and ten-deep about the table as ever.

Which will be the marriage of the season? That of Miss Louise Geraldine Martyn, daughter of Mr. John Gregory Martyn, of Grogan's Castle, County Clare, will be one of the most interesting. She is about to be married to a naval officer, Commander E. F. A. Gaunt, who has recently been appointed Commissioner for Wei-Hai-Wei, and Administrator for Liu-Kang-Tao. It stands to reason that for a long time to come Commander Gaunt will be unable to leave his duties to return to England to claim his bride, so Miss Martyn is going out to China. The marriage ceremony will be performed by one of the naval chaplains as soon as she reaches Wei-Hai-Wei, but whether it will be performed on one of the British warships or on the island of Liu-Kang-Tao is uncertain. The good wishes of everyone will follow Miss Martyn to her new home.



"I AM INNOCENT!"
STATUETTE OF DREYFUS BY C. CACCIA.

Youth! youth! youth! That is one of our modern cries. As a useful antidote I deal with age on this page. I begin with a veteran Volunteer. He is Quartermaster-Sergeant George Catford, of Honiton, who is eighty-two years old, was sworn in a member of the Honiton Subdivision of the Devon and Exeter Volunteers on Aug. 31, 1853, and



THE OLDEST VOLUNTEER.
Photo by Griffiths, Honiton.

whose signature, written that day, is still among the archives in the Exeter Drill Hall. Several years later, when the Volunteerforce was remodelled, he became a member of the 3rd Devon Rifles, and so continues to this day. In spite of his advanced years, he attends the meetings of his company, and during 1898 he was present at the annual inspection, and attended three church-parades. He wears nine service stars, each representing five years' service, as well as the star of a past-Sergeant. He has, of course, received the Long Service Medal. Until last year he was in active business as a saddler in Honiton, and is still a hale and hearty member of our noble Volunteer force.

Two of Germany's greatest men were born in the Waterloo year. One of these was Otto von Bismarck, who lately passed into

the Walhalla of German heroes, and the other was Adolph von Menzel, who has just been admitted into the most sacrosanct of social circles in the Fatherland—that is to say, in his eighty-fourth year he has been invested by William II. with the lofty and illustrious Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia, which corresponds to our own Garter, and carries with it the title of nobility. His Excellency Dr. Adolph von Menzel, Knight of the exalted Order of the Black Eagle, and the round-table companion and purple-robed fellow-paladin of Sovereigns, princes, and born noblemen—is not that a considerable honour for a man, and a very little man, too, corporeally speaking, who began life as a poor engineer's apprentice at Breslau, and rose to be the greatest etcher of his time? A fine thing it would be, would it not, if, say, Phil May were to be made a Knight of the Garter? But they do things differently now in Prussia, of which one King (Frederick William IV.) once swept the whole gamut of social gradation by referring to the Prussian people *vom König bis zum Künstler herab*—"from the King down to the artist." But Menzel is a King of Artists, and as such has moved the admiration of his Sovereign just as Johnnie Armstrong, the Border rover, extorted sovereign recognition from his own primitive monarch—

When Johnnie cam' before the King,
Wi' a' his men sae brave to see,
The King he touched his bonnet to him—
He ween'd he was a King as well as he.

Yes, there is a sovereignty in art as well as in arms, and the Kaiser has not been slow to recognise the fact in the case of Menzel, though it is doubtful whether his Majesty would have admitted the plain little, square-headed, taciturn, Socratic-looking man into the charmed circle of his fellow-monarchs had not Menzel applied his art to the glorification of Prussian history, as exemplified, among other things, in his monumental and amazing work on the uniforms of the Prussian Army, his illustrations to Kugler's "Life of Frederick the Great," and, above all, his wonderful etchings in the collected *œuvres* of the Sovereign-sage of Sans-Souci. A Sovereign artist who has spent his long life in the hero-worshipping service of his country—that is why King Menzel has been admitted into the social circle of the Kaiser-King and his fellow-Sovereigns.

Michael Tarrell, familiarly known as "Old Bill," was born in February 1792. For a number of years he lodged at Wildernuth House, Wentworth Street; at present he is an inmate of Whitechapel Infirmary, having been transferred to that institution during the last few days. The old gentleman is a relic of the old smuggling days, and his anecdotes of adventures on sea and land

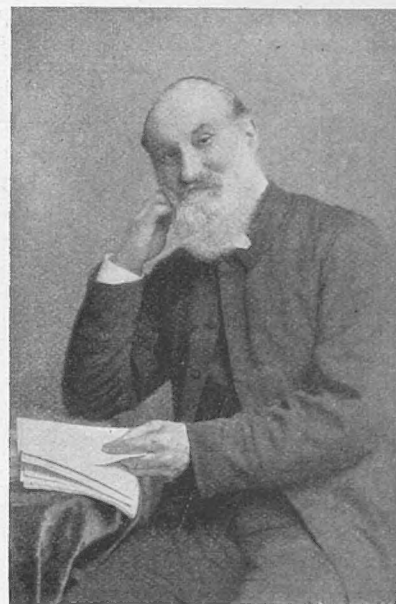


HE IS 107 YEARS OLD.
Photo by Wright, Bishopsgate Street, E.C.

are strange. He claims to have fought with Nelson on the *Victory*, but to his having fought on land there is abundant testimony in the district. Possibly details of his exploits will be duly related to his visitors on his approaching birthday, who probably will not be obstructed by the kind-hearted Resident-Superintendent, Dr. Larder, if his birthday happens to fall on the regulation visiting-day.

The oldest peer living is the Earl of Perth. "Gang warily" is his motto, and he has followed it, for he has lived ninety-two years. He is hereditary Thane of Lennox, and is also Duc de Melfort and Comte de Lussan in France. High, however, as are his honours, he has not a seat in the House of Lords, his peerage being Scotch. He is three years older than Lord Tankerville, who was born in the same year as the late Duke of Northumberland, and who is the oldest peer with a seat in Parliament. Lord Gwydr and Lord Armstrong are only a few months younger than Lord Tankerville, but the Father of the Upper House is the Earl of Leicester, who has been a member of it longest. Lord Leicester succeeded to the peerage in 1842.

Another veteran is the Rev. W. J. Holder, a retired Congregational minister, who saved the Queen's crown from being cracked by the gold-headed cane which Lieutenant Robert Pate threw at her Majesty. The incident took place on May 27, 1850, as the Queen was leaving the house of the late Duchess of Cambridge in Piccadilly. The blow fortunately failed of its purpose, though the end of the stick actually touched the Queen's bonnet, which was tilted over her face, but the full force of the stroke fell on the head of a lad who was standing in the crowd. This lad was Mr. Holder. He was seventeen years of age at the time, and, eager to see the Queen, had obtained a place in the front rank of the crowd. Just as the royal carriage passed, Pate made a push forward to strike the Queen, but missed his aim, and the stick came with stunning force on Holder's head. He was thrown forward against the carriage, and in the first confusion was taken by the police for the assailant, but the right man was afterwards secured. Hitherto, Mr. Holder has been modestly reticent as to the part he played on this occasion, but is now in hopes that it may be considered a recommendation to some small appointment in the Household. Mr. Steevens was to have sold the stick last week, but it was withdrawn at the request of the Queen.



THE QUEEN'S DEFENDER.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

The literary traditions of the Edinburgh Medical School are apparently not to be allowed to succumb to the usual fate of traditions. Sir Thomas Grainger Stewart, who to his scientific attainments has added the gift of literary workmanship, has just published a chronicle-play dealing with the Regent Moray, and Dr. Riccardo Stephens, who also practises the healing art in the "cold grey metropolis of the North," has just published his third novel under the inspiring title of "The Prince and the Undertaker." Nor does this exhaust the list of those who practise the refining art of letters in addition to wielding the stethoscope and sawing bones. Sir Douglas MacLagan is still among us, and no one is more vigorous than Sir John Batty Tuke, the ex-President of the Royal College of Physicians, who is responsible for many a good verse of "Academic Song." Then there is the genial Dr. Berry, who finds the gruesome details of the dissecting-room and the peccadilloes of the freshman as rich material when the muse tempts him. In every way the medicos of the North are an inspiring multitude, full of the love of art, letters, and song.

In no city in Europe perhaps are there so many societies and clubs formed by professional men for the purpose of more or less innocent joviality. The *Æsculapian*, the *Eighty*, the *Symposium*, the *Cap and Gown*, the *Pen and Pencil*, the *Skull*, the *Scottish Arts*, the *Skittle*, the *Wine and Wisdom* are all flourishing clubs, and are only a tithe of the number of clubs whose category is wine, wisdom, and song. Two of the more famous clubs, however, have, during the past months, become extinct. One of these is the famous evening club which met always after the meetings of the Royal Society, in addition to holding a weekly meeting, which commenced at ten o'clock on Saturday evening. The club, which counted among its members the very cream of the intellectual and official society of the city, after a life extending over many years, only outlived the other deceased club, the *Lyric*, by a few weeks. The one was conversational, the other musical. If a reason could be found for the failure of these once-flourishing clubs, it would probably be that the extraordinary increase in the amount of private entertaining in Edinburgh had made it impossible for the average man to attend regularly, and gradually the societies became extinct.

Miss Marie Tempest has just lost her sister Mabel, a very pretty and promising young player, whom I saw in "The Guinea Stamp," and latterly in "Little Miss Nobody."

The Greater Britain Exhibition, which will be opened at Earl's Court in May, under the presidency of the Duke of Cambridge and with



MISS MABEL TEMPEST IS DEAD.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

the Marquis of Lorne as vice-president, differs from previous exhibitions of a similar nature in London, inasmuch as England, on this occasion, has not come to the assistance of her Colonies, they having, on their own initiative, provided the financial support which is necessary to their proper representation in London. Amongst the Colonies which will be represented are Victoria, Queensland, Western Australia, Cyprus, Hong-Kong, and South Africa. This is a convincing proof not only of their commercial enterprise, but of the affectionate bonds by which the British Colonies are united to the Mother Country.

The "Sunlight Almanac" for 1899, which is published by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, of "Sunlight Soap" fame, is a home treasury of information for the use of all members of the household. One notable feature of the book is the Sunlight Competitions, in which prizes are offered amounting in the aggregate to over £300.

Newspaper collectors—and I know several among my readers—will be interested in the jubilee issue of the *Border Counties Advertiser*, which is published at Shrewsbury, Wrexham, and Newton. In addition to the ordinary issue, an elaborate illustrated supplement, dealing with the history of the paper during the last fifty years, was given away.

Kipling has penetrated Paris, for "Wee Willie Winkie," translated into French by Madame Marie Dronsart, appears in the current issue of *Le Monde Moderne*. In an accompanying appreciation, Mr. Kipling is described as "Un des heureux de la littérature anglaise actuelle." Oxford men will read with interest M. Baren's idea of their university, which begins, "L'Anglo-Saxon est à la mode."

A new pledge of Anglo-American friendship was, it appears, proposed by Professor Dicey during his recent visit to America. In one of the museums of New York there is a headless and armless statue of William Pitt which was at one time set up at the corner of William and Wall Streets, in New York. The head and arms of the statue were removed by some soldiers more than a century ago, and no one knows what became of them, although the New York Historical Society has been hunting for these members for more than a quarter of a century. Professor Dicey proposes that the statue should be restored, "as a graceful act on the part of the American people, and one that would tend to cement the bond of union between Great Britain and the United States of America." The statue itself is of marble and is of heroic size, the figure being draped and leaning against part of a tree-trunk. A

duplicate of it is at present in Charleston, South Carolina, so that it would be quite easy to copy it, and, as the cost would not be by any means great, it is hoped that, before long, steps will be taken to put the suggestion into execution.

Lectures to the people of the United States on Cuba by those who have been there are to be the order of the winter across the Atlantic, and Mr. George Clarke Musgrave, the English war-correspondent who did such remarkable work for the *New York Journal* in the island, is on the point of starting on a lecturing tour. He has every qualification for his work, as he had great opportunities of seeing the island, his special mission of interviewing the leaders of the Cuban Army on the subject of autonomy compelling him to travel from one end of the island to the other. Mr. Musgrave had a varied experience, having been arrested several times, and was at one time shipped to Spain on a transport conveying criminals and hundreds of yellow-fever convalescents, but was released, returned to America, joined General Shafter's army of invasion, and was at all the engagements which resulted in the fall of Santiago. His lectures are, of course, to be illustrated, and, later on, a book on the subject by him is promised, with the title of "Under Three Flags in Cuba."

The bandanna fad is the winter's outcome of the summer's expedition of the United States to Cuba. These gaily coloured handkerchiefs, the delight of the negroes of the West Indies generally, are now the source of enjoyment of the most exclusive sections of New York society. They are worn negro-fashion, like a scarf, about the neck, the ends either being tied in a knot over the chest or else allowed to dangle down to the belt.

There are few families in Ceylon holding a higher position both in the commercial and the social world than those of de Soysa and Pieris, a position which is due not only to their wealth, but to the honourable and public-spirited manner in which it has been employed. Their names have always been associated with every practical movement for the advancement of the people, and it is, therefore, not surprising that the world of Colombo has been greatly excited and interested in the union of the two houses through the marriage of Mr. E. L. F. de Soysa to Miss Caroline L. Pieris, and that all classes of the community have been eager to give the bride and bridegroom their heartiest congratulations and good wishes. The important event took place on Nov. 9, 1898, and was celebrated with much magnificence. Triumphal arches were erected along the route of the procession, which was crowded with sightseers. The bride's carriage was drawn by a team of six greys, ridden by postillions in liveries of green and gold, the racing colours of the bridegroom, in which he has twice carried off the Governor's Cup, the Blue Ribbon of the Turf in Ceylon. After the ceremony, a crowded reception was held at the house of the bride's mother, where the great feature, after the happy couple themselves, was undoubtedly the cake.



THE DE SOYSA WEDDING.

This magnificent triumph of confectionery stood on a base forty feet in circumference, was over fourteen feet high, and was placed, like a great white temple, in a grove of ferns and palms. It was not, however, intended to serve simply as an ornament, but was soon cut and served, after which the usual toasts were proposed and drunk with enthusiasm.

Mr. Francis O'Neill, manager of the Annagher Collieries, near Coal-island, Tyrone, has just been presented with the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society, while Thomas McKenna, a miner, gets the bronze medal. On Sept. 29 an explosion of fire-damp took place in a newly sunk pit at the collieries. The pit had been only eight weeks working, and



MR. F. O'NEILL.



MR. T. McKenna.

MEDALLISTS OF THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY.

was sixty-five yards deep. The explosion took place at the dinner-hour, and three men lost their lives. When the explosion took place, Mr. O'Neill tried to go down, but was driven back three times in succession. At last he got to the bottom and found one of the victims still alive. Both fainted from the effects of the fire-damp. He got the man into the bucket, and brought him up, and again tried to go down in search of another man whose groans he had heard, but was unable to do so. Two hours after, with the assistance of McKenna, he succeeded in bringing the body to the surface.

For its population, Witney seems to have more than its fair share of charities, but, in extenuation of their continued existence, it may be urged that most of them possess an element of picturesqueness sadly lacking in modern benevolences. There is the Bluecoat School; for example, and the inhabitants will tell you how, in these days of tolerance for Dissent, they miss the bright touch of colour with which the parade of the boys to church on Sundays used to enliven the streets of the town. John Holloway, who founded this school in 1723, stipulated that the boys receiving their education by this charity should be clothed after the manner of the Bluecoat scholars of London, and it is affirmed that the garb of to-day is identical with that of a century and three-quarters ago. In that case the London dress must either have undergone some modification or the Witney copy cannot have been exact. It is, nevertheless, a remarkably picturesque garb, finished off, unlike the Bluecoat uniform of the Metropolis, with a blue Tam-o'-Shanter cap adorned with a crimson tuft. That the boys educated here thrive in this world's goods is proved by the fact that the school was enlarged in 1860 by a gift from John Wright, of Philadelphia, a former pupil. At

first the school was restricted to the use of the children of poor journeymen-weavers, but now it is open to the sons of any worker engaged in the blanket-mills of the town. The present master, Mr. G. Owens, has held his position for twenty-three years, and he can produce a record of former scholars of which any teacher might be proud.

Dr. Carl Peters, well known for his connection with German East Africa, has embarked on a new field of enterprise, and placed his great experience of African affairs at the disposal of an Anglo-German company, which has been formed, among other things, to look for gold where King Solomon found so much of it—in the Land of Ophir. "King Solomon's Golden Ophir" is the title of a most erudite little book recently published by the Leadenhall Press, in which Dr. Peters essays to show that the much-debated Land of Ophir is not at the mouth of the Indus, as some scholars have supposed, but in the region of the Zambesi (witness the ruins of Zimbabwe and other proofs), and that the name "Africa," so long a puzzle to philologists, in reality contains the same root, meaning red, as "Ophir"; hence "red sea," the sea beside the red land. For the hitherto unexplored portions of this Land of Ophir (lying in the territories of the British South Africa Company and two Portuguese companies, from which he has acquired in all 1500 gold and diamond claims) Dr. Peters has just left London at the head of an expedition, of which the second in command is a distinguished British officer, while it also includes two English prospectors, a commercial expert, and an experienced mining engineer from Transylvania. It was Dr. Carl Peters (in many respects more of an Englishman than a German in his tastes and habits of mind) who was the real founder of German East Africa—a fact which was readily recognised when he was appointed to lead the German "Emin Pasha Relief Expedition," and that as much success would attend his new enterprise to exploit the Land of Ophir was the hope and belief of the numerous and distinguished company which entertained him the other day to a send-off dinner in the Hotel Cecil on the eve of his departure for the Cape.



DR. CARL PETERS.

For those who are doubtful as to when the nineteenth century ends, this pronouncement from Mr. Christie, the Astronomer-Royal at Greenwich, will be welcome. He sends the following to a correspondent: "I am requested by the Astronomer-Royal to inform you the next century will begin on Jan. 1, 1901, the last year of the present century being 1900." Who will be in doubt after that?

No modern invention did more for the iron and steel industry in this country than Sir Henry Bessemer's direct method of converting pig-iron into steel by means of his special converting vessel, with its air-blast, the process for which was patented in 1856. When Bessemer went down to read his paper on the subject at the Cheltenham meeting of the British Association, he overheard a gentleman remark at the hotel where he was staying, "Do you know that there is somebody come down from London to read us a paper on making steel from cast-iron without fuel? Did you ever hear of such nonsense?" But the nonsense "caught on." James Nasmyth welcomed the new method, and the production of steel by this process in 1892 was over ten million tons, of a probable value of £84,000,000.

Previous to Bessemer's invention, steel was selling at from £50 to £100 per ton; he left it at £5 to £6 per ton, and had made over one million sterling, by his own confession, by 1879. Sir Charles William Siemens took out a patent for his "open-hearth process" in 1861, and the famous Forth Bridge is made of steel produced in this way. The Thomas-Gilchrist process is a modification of that of Bessemer. Cleveland iron has not hitherto been available for this process, but Sir Joseph Pease made the important announcement, the other day, that Messrs. Bell, by means of their "Saniter" process at Port Clarence, Middlesbrough, are able to produce first-class steel directly from English iron in open-hearth furnaces. This may have a very appreciable effect upon the iron-ore exports from Spain and Sweden, and lend a very important impetus to the iron industry around Middlesbrough.

The *Erasmic Annual* is the very latest. It is a beautifully printed collection of stories by Guy Boothby, Grant Allen, G. R. Sims, and others. Leslie Willson contributes some of his admirable silhouettes.



A RURAL BLUECOAT SCHOOL.
Photo by H. C. Shelley.

MISS KATE WORTH IN "MILORD SIR SMITH," AT THE COMEDY.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



The accompanying photograph represents the graves of some Peninsular heroes in the little English Cemetery at Bayonne. These gallant fellows were officers and men of the 2nd Life Guards, Coldstream Guards, and Scots Fusiliers, who fell on the field or died subsequently of wounds received in the action before Bayonne, which was fruitlessly besieged by the Duke of Wellington. This was one of the last fights,



THE GUARDS' CEMETERY AT BAYONNE.

except for Waterloo, between the French and English. Bayonne, which was an extremely strong citadel, fortified by the famous Vauban, was then held by Marshal Soult. Bonaparte had abdicated a few days before, and the Duke having proposed a suspension of arms, the troops were somewhat off their guard. Early in the morning of April 14, 1814, the French made a sortie, which, although it was bravely repulsed, cost us two thousand men. The piece of ground was bought and railed in during the same year, and the Guards have contributed at various times towards keeping it up; but the cemetery, as it is now, was arranged by Mr. Harvey, the British Consul at Bayonne, in 1830. It is outside the town, on the side of a pleasant hill, and is walled in and planted with trees.

The breaking-up of the Canterbury Cavalry Dépôt and the enlisting of recruits for general service was strongly opposed by officers of experience, as tending to destroy *esprit de corps* and likely to affect recruiting prejudicially. However, all arguments notwithstanding, the new system has been given a fair trial, and the result has been exactly as anticipated by its opponents. The scheme undoubtedly had its good points, but these were outweighed by the objections; and it is likely the older plan will once again be reverted to. The plan of treating Tommy as a mere machine, with no allowance whatever for his personal likes and dislikes, was foredoomed to failure in an army dependent on voluntary enlistment for its existence. Sentiment enters largely into the matter with Tommy, and the old "chestnut" of the man who joined the 76th so as to be near his brother in the 77th contains more than an element of truth.

A form of entertainment which we do not take sufficiently to our hearts at home is the masked ball, and hostesses, often at their wits' end for some new form of amusement with which to beguile the blasé palates of their friends, while experimenting with other devices variously, rarely adventure on that inevitable success, the *bal masqué*. It has been objected that such disguised assemblies are always open to the wiles of the uninvited Monsieur le Chevalier d'Industrie—but not with the mere, ordinary precaution of requesting guests to bring their invitations, surely. A very successful masque has just been given by Mrs. Stephens in her pretty villa at Dinard, and at least three similar balls are promised for town next season, as a result of the brilliant success which followed this function.

The Croix-Rouge Ball, which is to be given on the 28th inst. at the Salle des Fêtes of that smart Cosmopolitan Club, the Cercle de la Méditerranée, is a fixture to which "all that is" of the most exclusive on the Riviera is bidden. A list of patronesses, both powerful and representative, will account for the presence of the world and his wife in the most exclusive sense of those twin common nouns. Naturally, therefore, the demand for admittances keeps a couple of secretaries satisfactorily busy, and as it is intended that this Croix-Rouge Ball shall, if possible, break the record of such results, the enthusiasm of would-be dancers is complacently regarded. There is, nevertheless, a very definite censorship exercised as to the "who and where" of each ticket's destination by powers that be. Each patroness, of which there are nearly forty, brings a party, and tickets are obtainable only through them. Amongst that group of the elect are—the Countesses de Baffigi and de Biletta, Princesse d'Essling, Madame Albert Gautier, Mrs. O'Hagan, Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, Mrs. Spang, and the Vicomtesse de Brisson, to mention merely a few of the notable personalities who are practically interested in the cause of the Croix-Rouge.

After the ball is over is always disillusioning; but I think the Covent Garden Ball is unusually so, for you step in the early hours of the morning from Art to Nature in the shape of the Covent Garden market-carts. At least, that was my experience last Saturday morning when I left Khartum (in canvas)—

When Twelve o'Clock was pealing loud
From Ben (beside the Abbey),
And London lay in midnight shroud,
I hailed a hansom-cabby.
He drove me East to that great feast
Which makes our winter summery—
The Garden Ball, where one and all
Are wont to play at mummery.

The scene was changed since last I sat
Beneath the spell of Melba,
For now the stalls and stage were flat,
The band was not *der selbe*.
'Twas not Gounod that whispered low,
But something from the Gaiety,
The dance and whirled kept pace to twirls
Distinctly Edna Mayity.

Without, lay Bow Street's dungeon glum
(Where wicked actions wile us);
Within, the fortress of Khartum
(Beside a painted Nilus).
Two Kharki'd "Gips" arranged the trips
(Fantastic toes are fickle O!);
Grotesquely rigged, all waltzed and jigged
To fiddle, drum, and piccolo.

And every age and every clime
Was dancing on the parquet,
I saw a fairy trip in time
Beside a burnt-cork darkey.
And then I met a pert Pierrette—
A maid in mask and domino—
A glance, perchance, would gain a dance
(One rarely asks her *nomen O!*) . . .

The bandmen play, the dancers sway,
Till light is almost dawning
(A Cockney bard, with disregard,
Would rhyme the fact to "morning").
The dancers yawn, while in the Dawn
Stand costers (real and Weller),
And Clarkson's arts give way to carts
Piled up with kail and celery.

I have received this postcard, which travelled around the globe in ninety days, from a Mr. C. F. Diehl, who lives in Russian Finland. On Dec. 1, 1897, it was posted in Helsingfors (Finland); the next postmark is that of Colombo (Ceylon), and in Saigon (Cochin-China French



A POSTCARD THAT TOOK NINETY DAYS TO GO ROUND THE WORLD.

colonies) new stamps were affixed to take the postcard to its next destination, New York. There it was delayed for two days before it could start on its way (always Eastwards) back to Europe, and arrived in Helsingfors again on exactly the ninetieth day, namely, Feb. 28, 1898.

I am renewing my youth. Do you know how it is possible to renew your youth and attain something of a similar sensation to that which a boy experiences with his first watch? We all remember how that watch gave us an anxiety about the time of day we have never experienced



AN EDITORIAL SNAPSHOT.

before or since. We were always wishing to tell people the hour. Well, you may renew your youth and have somewhat similar sensations by buying a pocket Kodak. I have one, and I want always to be taking snapshots. Perhaps one's happiest moments are those in which one touches the button with the pleasant assurance that the Kodak Company will "do the rest." That is the only excuse I can find for the three illustrations on this page. One of them, that of a milestone, helps to remind me of a bracing walk on the Kentish coast, taken a few weeks ago in the company of some of the kindest of good friends. Another, of a sign-post and some sheep, is a reminiscence of the same

walk; and the third, the monument to commemorate the landing of St. Augustine on the shores of Britain, serves to indicate more precisely the locality of my holiday.

Late in the 'seventies six third-class cruisers were built and named after various precious stones—*Emerald, Opal, Ruby, Garnet, Tourmaline,* and *Turquoise*. It was a pretty idea of some official at the Admiralty, and these ships became known as the "Gem" class. They were quite small vessels, of only 2120 tons displacement, and cost slightly over £100,000 each. One by one they have disappeared from the effective list of the Navy, after doing good service on foreign stations where ships drawing very little water are of most service. The *Ruby, Tourmaline,* and *Garnet* are the only three that have not been broken up or otherwise disposed of. Now the little *Garnet*, pretty ship that she is, with her pretty name, is to be converted into a coal-hulk, at a cost of about £12,000. What an ignominious fate for such a ship! But at the Admiralty the officials naturally have other things to worry about than matters of sentiment, and, if the *Garnet* is suitable for use as a coal-hulk, there is no tangible reason why her last days should not be spent usefully rather than in rotting in harbour.

At the end of this month the Channel Squadron, the ships of which have just been refitted, will leave for a three months' cruise, greatly strengthened by the addition of two new cruisers. It now comprises eight of the most powerful first-class battleships in the British Navy, and five of its swiftest cruisers. It has an aggregate tonnage of over 150,000 tons, and mounts no less than 474 breech-loading and quick-firing guns, large and small, besides eighty-six machine-guns. This is the fleet which is about to be strengthened by the new cruiser *Argonaut*, of 11,000 tons displacement, and known as an improved *Powerful*, and the cruiser *Pactolus*, which has just been built at Elswick. The *Argonaut* is a 21-knot ship, mounting sixteen 6-inch quick-firers, besides twenty-five smaller weapons, while even the *Pactolus*, which



"BAA!"

steams at 18½ knots, has eight 25-pounder quick-firing guns, in addition to small guns numbering eleven. Whether both these ships will be ready to join the squadron at the end of the present month is not certain, but, if there is a defaulter, it will not be the *Pactolus*.

Hill of Beith, a small mining village in Fife, about four miles from Dunfermline, has the unique distinction of running its own public-houses, and the profit therefrom is spent in lighting the village. M. Denayrouze, a Frenchman who has a distinguished record in connection with electric-lighting and inventions generally, has discovered a shorter method for profiting by alcohol. This is the burning of it directly, in special lamps and by special burners, great results from which, either in the home or village, are promised. This is certainly a shorter and less harmful method than the reaping a profit from the alcohol burned in the human body.

Many men have chosen eccentric places for getting married, but assuredly none ever selected a more eccentric one than a famous pilot of the White Horse Rapids, in the Klondyke, who selected the time when he was shooting these rapids for the performance of the ceremony. When the minister pronounced the pilot and his bride man and wife, he had to shout the words, but even then was scarcely able to make himself heard for the roar of the waters.

The historic kiss administered to Lieutenant Hobson by an enthusiastic young woman has led to an epidemic of osculation on the other side of the Atlantic. One of the men who accompanied Hobson on the *Merrimac* has recently returned to his home in Iowa, and, on arriving, he was waited on by some two hundred girls, every one of whom in turn started in to kiss him, an operation to which he had to submit—or, at all events, to which he submitted—with as good a grace as was possible under the circumstances. Admiral Schley has twice been the victim of this promiscuous method of congratulation, while Admiral Cervera was surrounded by a number of pretty girls and kissed when he got to Norfolk, Virginia; and Admiral Sampson was met at the railway station, Jersey City, on his arrival there, by another of these enthusiasts, who also sought to embrace him, in order to demonstrate her admiration of his prowess.

A remarkable phase of modern journalism has been adopted by one of the chief New York papers, which is actually printing the advertisements of servants who need situations, and of employers who need servants, without any charge at all, if the former contain no more than ten words, and the latter no more than twenty. In any case, these words are given free. Several pages of space are devoted to the innovation.

The chance of a Carlist war lies with the Pope. At the present moment the opposing factions are soliciting the kindly offices of the Vatican in their separate interests. The Carlists seek the blessing of his Holiness upon their arms before initiating a campaign, while the Court of Spain, with whom lies also the moral support of the Emperor of Austria, is endeavouring to interdict this blessing by beseeching the Vatican to prohibit the priests from exploiting the cause of the Carlists on pain of excommunication. In the meantime, Don Carlos is preparing for the gravest consequences, and secret instructions have been issued for mobilising to those of his adherents in the former Carlist Rebellion who have proffered their services at the present juncture. So far as Great Britain is concerned, Don Carlos is able to count upon the services of many retired British military officers, and to each of these the orders have been sent, which by many of them have already been obeyed in such a way that within the last few weeks there has been a small but steady exodus of old Carlist officers from this country to the northern provinces of Spain, as well as to Venice. The one uncertainty in the Carlist programme is the attitude of the army towards the present dynasty.

Don Carlos has suffered a serious loss since General Weyler, who participated earlier in the rebellion, has now declared his allegiance to the Queen-Regent, though it is intended that his place shall be filled by a retired British Major-General, who left London the other day for the headquarters of Don Carlos at the Palazzo Loredan, in Venice, on this express purpose.

The old order changes, even in Aberdeen. Until a year or two ago, no young woman dared to appear on the amateur theatrical stage. The female parts were played by men, just as the female parts in Greek and Latin plays are taken by boys at English schools. But in an amateur performance of "The Pantomime Rehearsal" at Aberdeen last week, one of the parts was played by the daughter of a Congregational minister.



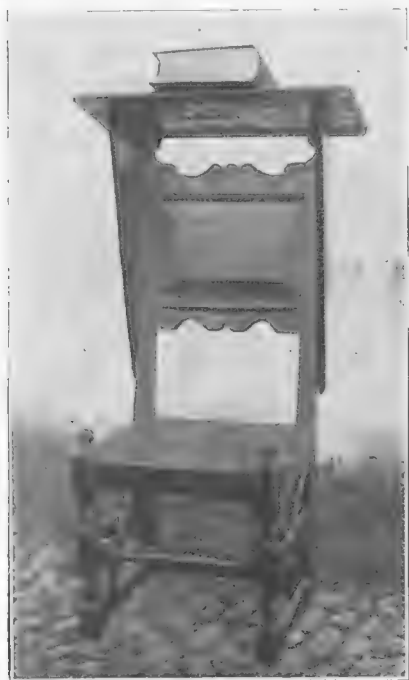
WHERE ST. AUGUSTINE LANDED.

As others see us: The background is the express Calais-Brindisi, a line patronised, it appears, exclusively by English. The passengers are all English, on the road to India, and here is the complaint made of them by a writer in the Paris *Figaro*—

Every blessed one had a pipe in his mouth from morning till night. The most elegant of them promenaded the corridors all the morning in pink and blue pyjamas, and others of them came to lunch in the restaurant-car in their undergarments and bare feet thrust into slippers. Most of them ignored the existence of wine, but each had in his pocket a bottle of whisky, bought on the steamboat, which he ceaselessly mixed with soda. The agents of the company regard these travellers with disdain. "Monsieur," they said to me, "the company is obliged to augment our wages on this line, because not one of these Anglo-Saxons pays a *pourboire*."

If this is the way we travel, it is high time we mended our manners, and this, the French reporter says, we may do by studying the Spanish and Portuguese, who travel on the line Paris-Lisbon. "These hidalgos form an élite whom the agents have very special reasons to coddle. Their grand airs and their profuse gold-pieces, though they may make one smile a little, appear, nevertheless, as a sign of superiority of race when compared to the manners of the Anglo-Saxons." Ah! but it is good for us to have intimate friends to probe our weaknesses! Though I can't see, personally, why the Paris-Brindisi Company should reproach us with not paying their wage-roll, yet it is clear enough that some of this criticism is deserved. It is a rule always to adapt oneself to the fashions of a country through which one travels, and we should know that, in France, they do not lunch in public in pyjamas and bare-footed. In the name of the immortal gods, my countrymen, do not think you can do on the Continent as you do at home!

A curious discovery, which throws an interesting light on the times when Nonconformists were suffering under many disabilities, has just



A PULPIT-CHAIR.

Photo by David Wild, Blackpool

been made in the old village of Marton, which is situated near Blackpool, in the ancient Fylde division of Lancashire. The find is a unique combination of a chair and a pulpit, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration. The chair, which bears the date of 1716 on the back panel, is made of old oak; but the upper part—that is, the pulpit, or reading-desk—is just ordinary red wood stained dark-brown to match the chair. The novel piece of furniture was formerly in the family of Mr. Henry Fisher, J.P., one of the oldest in the district. Mr. Fisher was the treasurer to the old Local Board that existed before Blackpool was incorporated. It seems that in his early youth—he is now past the Psalmist's allotted span of life—there were no Independent places of worship nearer than some eight or ten miles away, so a few of the villagers used to assemble in his grandfather's house at Marton. If they would adjourn to an old barn and hold divine service there. This pulpit-chair then did its duty. The ministers—some of whom came even from Yorkshire and preached for the ridiculously small sum of seven-and-six—stood behind the chair and there read "God's Holy Word," using a peculiar arrangement, consisting of two pieces of leather attached to each side of the top of the reading-desk, and pieces of wood, for keeping the leaves down. The worship was conducted then in secret, for people scarcely dared to own themselves to be Nonconformists. The Vicar of Poulton-le-Fylde—the Metropolis of the Fylde—one day happened to hear of Fisher's farm being used as a Dissenters' preaching-room, so he sent a churchwarden down to inquire as to whether they had a licence. The old patriarch, Fisher, told that individual to ask his vicar to come down and see for himself. The churchwarden conveyed the message; but, meanwhile, the wily Independent had gone to the Preston Quarterly Sessions and secured the necessary preaching-licence.

Have you noticed how the Haymarket is waking up? First came Mr. Tree's theatre, and then the big hotel. Even the old buildings are titivating themselves, for they are determined not to fall behind. The dear old Haymarket Theatre itself (which I love) has clothed itself anew, and, next-door to it, the famous restaurant known as "Epitiaux" has come out in gracious style. The entrance used to be dull; to-day it is one blaze of electric-light. It was the light that bade me enter, one night last week, to the familiar big room behind, which has been beautifully done up. For a modest five shillings I got a most excellent dinner, served promptly and quietly, in striking contrast to the chatter and clatter that gets on one's nerves so much in many of the newer places. The food was excellently cooked, and chosen with skill, for the

men at "Epitiaux" are new. And the place is so quiet that you would never dream you were but a step from the street and its endless 'buses and hansoms. "Epitiaux" has certainly as long a future as it had a past.

"Well-head's spoilt now, sir—it's a fountain." Thus, with a tinge of disgust in his voice, a Selborne working-man in reply to a query as to the whereabouts of that "fine perennial spring" in which Gilbert White



A PUN IN CAST-IRON.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

took so much pride a hundred years ago. The working-man is right. Instead of a rough-ridged rock supported on either side with tangled hedge, the iron enormity shown in the photograph. It is a spring no more—"it's a fountain." And really this Selborne "fountain," so out of keeping with the old naturalist's remote village, becomes all the more atrocious when its symbolism is explained. For it is a pun in cast-iron. In the farmhouse on the other side of the road, there laboured, many years ago, a youth who had a soul above feeding pigs and mowing hay. He ran away—to Portsmouth, it is said; made money by ways that are strange, also it is said; in his affluence bethought him of the Well-head opposite his old house of bondage, and, in 1879, put up this "ornamental" structure to keep his memory green in the village. His name was Mills, and hence the design on either side of the lion's head.

One sometimes has the idea that Anglomania, or the rage for imitating things English, is of recent introduction into France. This is very far indeed from being the case. Towards the end of the last century Anglomania had already assumed a very acute form. In a volume of souvenirs and anecdotes relating to this epoch, recently published, there is a particularly striking instance of this. The story was related to a friend by Madame de Genlis, and is best told in the lady's own words—

M. de Nedonchel is an extreme Anglomaniac. Yesterday he was riding by the side of the King's carriage, who was driving to Choisy. It had been raining very hard, and M. de Nedonchel, whose horse was trotting, splashed some mud on the King. "Monsieur de Nedonchel, vous me crottez," ("You are splashing me"), said Louis XV. "I am, Sir," was the answer, "à l'Anglaise." M. de Nedonchel understood the King to have said, "Vous trottez" ("You are trotting"), and was delighted to think his latest accomplishment had attracted the royal notice. The King, who was not, of course, aware of this misapprehension, contented himself by raising the carriage-window, saying good-humouredly, as he wiped the mud from his coat, "This is carrying Anglomania a little too far, I fancy."

Mrs. Arthur Harter, who writes under her maiden name, Ethel M. de Fonblanque, has just published "A Chaplet of Love Poems," which, bound daintily in blue and gold, and containing as it does a series of charming verses, some of which have been set to music by Miss Minnie Cochrane and Lord Kinnoull, is sure to be seen on every drawing-room table. The verses are oddly up-to-date, treating as they do of Society dallies and flirtatious friendships, rather than permanent passions; but some of the odes to childhood in general, and to her own daughter in particular, are very sweet, and full of affectionate feeling.

It does not seem to have been noticed that, simultaneous with the issue of the *Spectator* in an up-to-date style the other week, the *Saturday Review* reverted to the old form of its first page, and again assumed the qualifying line, "Politics, Literature, Science, and Art," discarded by Mr. Frank Harris. Those of the old-time readers of the *Saturday* who have remained loyal to the once potent journal throughout its recent vicissitudes must have experienced an agreeable surprise when they discovered this reversion to the old form, and when they further discovered that the *Review* had again returned to the famous printing establishment whence it emanated in its palmy days.



MRS. ARTHUR HARTER.

Photo by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.



MR. PINERO'S STEP-DAUGHTER, MISS MYRA HAMILTON.

This picture, taken by Mr. Caswall Smith, of Oxford Street, represents Miss Myra Emily Moore Hamilton, daughter of the late Captain Hamilton, of the ancient family of Hamilton of Silverton Hill, Lanarkshire, cadets of the Ducal House. Her father died in 1879, and Mrs. Hamilton married Mr. Pinero in 1883. Miss Hamilton has compiled a Birthday-Book from the plays of Mr. Pinero, with whom she may often be seen at theatres, and she writes stories, some of which have appeared in "The Sketch." The name of her dog is Colley Cibber.

At this moment, when the defensive forces of the British Empire have won such golden opinions by their plucky endurance in the recent battles of the Soudan, the book which Mr. F. Bremner, of Quetta and Cannon Street, has just brought out will draw the attention of the nation to the forces which compose our Indian Army. It is an invaluable index to the complex composition of this large body, and

twenty-five years; a minimum height of 5 ft. 6 in., with 33 in. chest measurement. The Indian Army soldier enlists for three years, at the expiration of which time he may either claim his discharge or prolong his service up to twenty-one years, when he becomes entitled to a pension. Enlistment is for general service, with liability to serve beyond the seas. Captain Bingley, who belongs to the 7th Bengal Infantry, writes with pride about the keen interest which these natives take in their profession, and attributes the personal influence which the British officers acquire over the men to be the outcome of that feeling of camaraderie which, by the promotion of games and sports, affords opportunities for mutual acquaintance.



DRUMMER AND PIPERS OF THE 5TH GURKHA RIFLES.

Being one of the Types of the Indian Army Photographed by Fred Bremner, Quetta, Baluchistan.

the reputation of its compiler, as an Anglo-Indian photographer, will lose nothing by the sixty full-page typical photographs with which "Types of the Indian Army" has been illustrated. English people will now be able to intelligently understand the extraordinary diversity of race, creed, character, and languages which is exemplified in the personnel of our Indian Army, and which the photographs so reliably depict. That this extraordinary union of diametrically opposed elements should have been effected so skilfully is one of those pregnant forces which makes British hold upon India so inexplicable to the foreigner and so gratifying to the Britisher. It is a curious combination of manhood which has been enrolled into the Indian Army, and the reliability which the soldiers have shown under many trying circumstances speaks very highly of their grit and loyalty. The Indian Army is recruited from among the native races of India that are of naturally warlike disposition, and the martial ardour of these Indian clans is the most enduring and indomitable of any spirit which imbues the British soldier. The Sikhs, Gurkhas, Mahrattas, Punjabi, Pathans, Jats, Rajputs, have afforded memorable examples of the value of our native Indian soldiers to the Empire, and Great Britain has reason to be proud of these very faithful defenders of a Fatherland which, if once wrested from them, has since become the most vital dependency of the Empire.

As the complement of Mr. Bremner's volume of photographs, Captain Bingley has written a concise but lucid survey of the characteristics and distribution of the various military races of India. In the provinces of the Indian Empire inhabited by the warlike races special measures are adopted to obtain recruits. Each district possesses its own agency, and enlists men from one particular race, while, contrary to the experiences of enlisting-officers in England, the applicants are usually much in excess of the vacancies available. The Gurkhas, Dogras, Sikhs have a standard of their own, but the qualification for the ordinary Sepoy is—age, between sixteen and

The Tirah Campaign has led to some new departures in the way of manoeuvres, and the British-Indian troops are now being regularly trained in hill-fighting. The last of the series took place near Poonah recently, the troops constructing an intrenched camp, while the pickets "sangared" themselves in the hills around. A body of men was told off to represent the enemy, and carried out their part of the affair in very realistic manner, "sniping" with blank cartridge from 8.30 p.m. till after eleven. At 4.30 a.m. operations recommenced with the taking of a convoy over the mountains, four battalions being employed to clear the heights. Everything was carried on as in actual warfare, and the artillery in particular distinguished itself in very difficult country. Fortunately the ammunition was only "blank."

Colonel H. L. Smith-Dorrien, D.S.O., who has been appointed to the Colonelcy of the 1st Battalion Sherwood Foresters, is but forty years of age, and joined the 2nd Battalion of his regiment twenty-two years ago. He is one of the youngest officers of his rank, and has seen much war-service. He was at Isandula and Ulundi nearly twenty years ago ("mentioned"), and in the 1882 Egyptian Campaign he raised and commanded a corps of Mounted Infantry. Then he served for three years in the Egyptian Army, and was with the Suakin Expedition in 1885 and the Nile Expedition of 1885-6 ("mentioned").

After serving on the Staff in India, he took part in the Chitral Expedition in 1895, and was second in command of his battalion throughout the Tirah Campaign ("mentioned"). He commanded the 13th Soudanese in the Nile Expedition last year, was at Omdurman and with the expedition to Fashoda and Sobat, and went up the Blue Nile after Ahmed Fedil (again "mentioned"). Altogether a record of service of which he may well be proud. In his younger days Colonel Smith-Dorrien was a noted athlete.



THE PIPERS OF THE 40TH BENGAL INFANTRY, WHO ARE ALL PATHANS, AND RECRUITED CHIEFLY FROM THE TRANS-BORDER DISTRICTS.

Being one of the Types of the Indian Army Photographed by Fred Bremner, Quetta, Baluchistan.

HOW SHOT IS MADE.

Dreams are wonderful things, and, no doubt, serve useful ends, especially to the writers of romantic fiction and those who dabble nervously on the borders of the supernatural; but it must rarely happen that a dream leads to anything so definite and satisfactory as an important invention.

Yet, in one instance at least, history records such an event.

Towards the close of last century there lived one Watts, a plumber and maker of shot, in the town of Bristol. In those days shot was manufactured by the melting of lead in "colanders," or vessels pierced with small holes, through which the metal dropped into tanks of water placed immediately beneath, with the result that, being yet soft, it was flattened against the surface of the fluid, the which was a sad trouble and seemingly insuperable difficulty to the manufacturers. But, one night, Watts dreamed a dream, in which was revealed to him the happy discovery that, if his drops of molten lead

the colander and fall off into space, to be immediately replaced by a fresh series.

In a ceaseless stream this silver hail pours down the centre of the tower, a molten cascade, and falls splashing into the great tank of water beneath. By reason of their weight the drops do not scatter in their fall, but drop directly down, so that the workmen may walk round the tank with no danger from the deadly shower only a foot or two distant from their heads.

Of course, the "drop" allowed to shot depends on the size being manufactured. For the smaller grades the fall from the lower floor is sufficient, but for "swan" and other large sizes the lead is melted in the upper storey, and, a trap in the under-landing being open, the glittering storm sweeps down the whole terrific height of the tower.

From the water-tanks the shot are removed and dried, and the next process is the sifting. The now hardened drops are not all of one size, and, in spite of their long fall, a certain proportion, though a small one, are imperfect and of pear-like or other deformed shapes. To separate the sheep from the goats, so to speak, and the larger from the smaller sizes, would seem, at first sight, a terrific undertaking, but by modern machinery this is done quickly and easily. The shot are poured into a long horizontal cylinder, revolving by machinery, and pierced with different-sized holes. According to the holes from which it issues, the shot falls into its own proper receptacle, before it reaches which, however, it has to shoot down a series of smooth boards set at a small angle, and separated by narrow gaps, as shown in the accompanying picture. Those shot which are round and true come rolling merrily down the slope, and, leaping the gaps, jump straight into their box. But the main and halt and those which are not properly round cannot move so fast, and either waddle like lame ducks to the side, or else, rolling slowly, drop down between the boards into other receptacles, from which they are removed in disgrace, and re-melted.

All this while the grains, instead of presenting the black and polished appearance we are familiar with, are of a dull and greenish hue, to remove which they are thrown into a revolving barrel with a certain amount of lead inside, by contact with which, and by grinding against each other, they assume their requisite glossy blackness.

The last process of all is the weighing and packing in canvas bags ready for sale; and not least industrious of all the hard-working "hands" in the busy factory is the woman who, with ever-restless sewing-machine, makes the bags in which the now completed shot enters the market.

G. B.



POURING OUT THE MOLTEN LEAD FROM THE TOP OF THE TOWER.

were let fall from a considerable height, they would have cooled sufficiently before they entered the water to retain the globular shape so much to be desired. This bright idea was first tested from the tower of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol, with so much success that the inventor immediately took out a patent, which he subsequently sold for a good round sum to the eminent house of Walkers, Maltby, Parker, and Co., the founders of the present famous firm.

All London is familiar with the exterior of the lofty shot-tower which rises proudly from the midst of the well-known factory near the southern end of the Charing Cross Railway Bridge, and those who have had the privilege of finding themselves panting up the seemingly interminable spiral staircase that winds within it are yet more impressed with its solid structure and noble height. Internally, the tower is divided into two storeys, one floor about eighty feet above the ground, and the other, nearly twice that height, at the top. In appearance these two landings closely resemble each other. In each is a large copper, or caldron, heated by a stove beneath, and beside it a queer-shaped implement, rather after the nature of a much-distorted frying-pan with a long handle, supported on an iron framework close to the copper. Immediately under this is a gaping hole in the floor, opening down into the dizzy gulf below.

The photograph shows a massive chain hanging down from above. By means of this, the lead, in those curious-shaped masses known as "pigs," is hauled up to the two melting-chambers. Once there, it is melted down in the caldron, and then the attendant, standing by like some terrific cook, his hand protected with sacking, ladles the fiery molten soup, with a huge spoon, into the adjacent colander. This colander is pierced thickly with circular holes of a size corresponding with the gauge of the shot to be manufactured; it also contains a certain portion of the scum, or dross, off the molten metal. In running over this dross the lead is somewhat detained and cooled, and more inclined to separate into drops, which gather beneath the holes on the under-side of



SIFTING THE SHOT.



MAKING SHOT-BAGS.

DALUA.*

I have heard you calling, Dalua,
Dalua!
I have heard you on the hill,
By the pool-side still,
Where the lapwings shrill
Dalua. . . Dalua. . . Dalua!

What is it you call, Dalua,
Dalua?
When the rains fall,
When the mists crawl,
And the curlews call
Dalua. . . Dalua. . . Dalua!

I am the Fool, Dalua,
Dalua!
When men hear me, their eyes
Darken: the shadow in the skies
Droops: and the keening-woman cries
Dalua. . . Dalua. . . Dalua!

FIONA MACLEOD.

* Dalua, one of the names of a mysterious being in the Celtic mythology, the Fairy Fool.

EDMUND SPENSER.

DIED THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO (JAN. 16, 1599).

Few and faint are the footprints left to us of Edmund Spenser. Although he was the friend of many famous men in the Elizabethan era, such as Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh, and although his bread was earned as a servant of the Government, a mere handful of facts is all that has survived of his life-story. Even the year of his birth is a matter of dispute, and the theory which makes it out as 1552 rests upon no surer basis than the testimony of a sonnet. The place of his birth was undoubtedly London, for he himself speaks of—



EDMUND SPENSER.

Merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native course.

Thanks to the researches of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, some light has been thrown upon Spenser's early life. While examining the manuscripts at Towneley Hall, Mr. R. B. Knowles lighted upon an account-book setting forth the

benefactions of a wealthy London citizen named Robert Nowell, and this demonstrated beyond question that the poet received his early education at the Merchant Taylors' School. The head master in Spenser's time was Dr. Richard Mulcaster, of whom Andrew Fuller has left us this portrait—

In a morning he would exactly and plainly construe and parse the lesson to his scholars; which done, he slept his hour (custom made him critical to proportion it) in his desk in the school, but woe be to the scholar that slept the while. Awaking, he heard them accurately; and *Atropos* might be persuaded to pity as soon as he to pardon, where he found just fault. The prayers of cockering mothers prevailed with him as much as the requests of indulgent fathers, rather increasing than mitigating his severity on their offending children; but his sharpness was the better endured because impartial, and many excellent scholars were bred under him.

Andrew Fuller would have rounded off his sentence with a greater flourish than that had he known Spenser to have been one of those scholars.

When the poet left London for Cambridge—"my mother Cambridge"—he still shared in the generosity of Robert Nowell, an entry in the above-named account-book reading "To Edmond Spensore, scholler of the M'chante tayler scholl, at his gowinge to penbrocke hall in chambridge, xs." Rooms in the oldest part of Pembroke College are still pointed out as those occupied by Spenser, and, if the visitor's knowledge of architecture forbids him believing that they date from the sixteenth century, he at least has the satisfaction of knowing that the rooms in question were actually those in which the poet Gray lived.

But Pembroke has another Spenser relic to show in the shape of the poet's mulberry-tree, planted, it is said, by his own hands, and still making a brave battle for life in the midst of the verdant lawn which fronts the master's house.

Spenser quitted Cambridge in 1576, and it is not until some time in 1578 that we have reliable evidence of his reappearance in London. Where was he during the interval? No one knows; but it is generally agreed that he spent the intervening period somewhere in the North of England. One thing is certain: it was during this interval he became the slave of that fair Rosalind who dominated his verse and life for so many years. Spenser's Rosalind is as great a *crux*



WHERE SPENSER LIES.

to the literary critic as Dante's Beatrice, but it may be affirmed that the English poet's biographers have not given as much attention as they might to a certain statement made by John Aubrey. Aubrey, who was born in 1626 and died in 1697, was, it will be remembered, intimately acquainted with many famous English writers, and it is to him we are indebted for a great many vivid facts about Raleigh, Bacon, Milton, Hobbes, and others. Among his manuscripts is a brief

statement about Spenser, and it offers a clue to the identity of Rosalind. The statement is as follows—

Mr. Edmund Spenser was of Pembroke hall, in Cambridge. He missed the fellowship there which Bishop Andrews got. He was an acquaintance and frequenter of Sir Erasmus Dryden; his mistress Rosalinde was a kinswoman of Sir Erasmus's lady. The chamber there at Sir Erasmus's is still called "Spenser's Chamber." Lately in the college, taking down the wainscot of his chamber, they found abundance of cards with stanzas of the Fairy Queen written on them. From John Dryden, poet laureat, Mr. Beeston says, he was a little man, wore short hair, and little band, and little cuffs.

Anyone who wishes to defend the theory that Rosalind really was related to the grandmother of the poet Dryden will find material support in the statement of "E. K." to the effect that Spenser's lady-love was "a gentlewoman of no mean house."

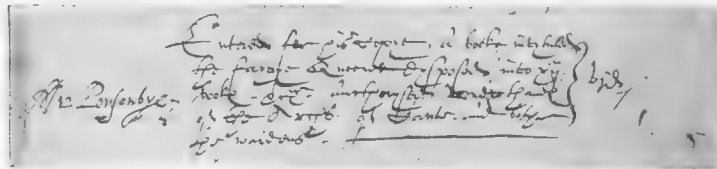
Unsuccessful in his love-suit, and impressed with the necessity of finding some life-occupation, Spenser returned to London in search of that "more preferment" which he was to seek in vain all his days. At first his hopes must have run high. Sir Philip Sidney became his friend, and at his lovely Kentish home of Penshurst Spenser prepared his "Shepherd's Calendar" for the press. The venture was an immediate success, and the poet may well have thought his future secure. But the profitable Government employment which he seems to have anticipated was not offered. For a time he was a member of Earl Leicester's household, and the old water-gate of Essex House, which still stands at the bottom of Essex Street, Strand, figured in his daily life for a brief season. In the summer of 1580 Lord Grey of Wilton was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, and when he left for Dublin, in August of that year, Spenser—probably owing to the good offices of Sir Philip Sidney—went with him as his secretary.

Spenser had some eighteen years to live when he passed to his exile in Ireland. The glimpses we get of him during those years are of a shadowy kind. Government occupation of one kind or another provided him with daily bread, and he shared to some extent in the spoils which fell to many Englishmen by the planting of Munster. Meantime "The Fairy Queen" was taking shape, and when Raleigh visited him at Kilcolman in 1589 the first three books were finished. Raleigh was for the time in Elizabeth's black books, and he saw that, if he could be the means of introducing "The Fairy Queen" to the royal lady the poem so fulsomely celebrated, there would be some probability of her frown turning into a smile. Spenser did not want much persuading to return to London, and thus it came to pass that the register of the Stationers' Hall for Dec. 1, 1589, had this entry made therein against the name of the publisher, William Ponsonby: "Entered for his copye, a book intytuled the fayrre Queene dysposed into xij. bookes, etc., authorysed under thandes of the Archbishop of Canterbury and bothe the Wardens." The accompanying photographic copy of this famous entry at Stationers' Hall was made by the kind permission of the present courteous Clerk of the Company, Mr. C. R. Rivington, F.S.A.

It would be too long a story to follow Spenser's fortunes after the publication of the first part of "The Fairy Queen," but brief reference must be made to his death and his portrait. Legend asserts that he was driven from Ireland by Tyrone's rebellion, and that he died in a tavern in King Street, Westminster, "for lack of bread." There is no truth in



TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION.



ENTRY IN THE REGISTER AT STATIONERS' HALL.

either assertion. It is true the rebels drove him from Kilcolman, but he reached a haven of perfect safety when he arrived in Cork, and when he left for England he did so as the special messenger of Sir Thomas Norreys, President of Munster, to the home Government. Spenser, moreover, had just been appointed Sheriff of County Cork, and it is idle to suppose that his death was due to starvation. Poor he may have been, but his position as a Government servant and his friendship with many leading men at Court prove Ben Jonson's account of his death to be a mere myth.

There are several portraits of Spenser in existence, but that reproduced herewith has the best claims upon our attention. It is a replica by Sir Henry Raeburn of the canvas at Dupplin Castle, and was copied at Althorp by the courtesy of Earl Spencer. It should be remembered that Althorp was the seat of that branch of the Spencer family with which the poet claimed relationship.

THE COTSWOLD HOUNDS.

This pack, of which Major E. H. G. de Freville has been Master since 1893, hunts some three hundred square miles and more of hill and vale around Cheltenham.

Until the year 1858 the country formed part of the Berkeley territory. The Berkeley family at one time possessed hunting rights over an enormous area. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they could hunt from the Marble Arch to the Bristol Channel, but the family relinquished their rights bit by bit from time to time, until now the very respectable portion of England which was hunted by their ancestors has shrunk to a comparatively narrow tract about fifty miles long in the Severn Valley. The Cotswold is one of the more recent offshoots of the Berkeley.

When Admiral M. F. F. Berkeley, the first Baron Fitzhardinge, became Master of the family pack, he gave up the north-eastern portion of the country then remaining to Mr. Gregoe Colmore, the first Master of the Cotswold Hounds, and for forty years the pack has thriven, showing excellent sport to the residents in and about Cheltenham, who are warm supporters of the Hunt. They have fifty couples of hounds in the kennels, which are at Whaddon Lane, Cheltenham, in the centre



PUPPIES.

of the country, and meet three days a week. Fully two-thirds of their territory consists of the hills from which the Hunt takes its name, and both horses and hounds must be stout to negotiate the steep hillsides over which foxes run.

The light soil of the hills does not always carry a scent; but, when hounds can own to it, your work is cut out if you mean to live with them, for there is nothing takes it out of a horse so much as galloping up and down these hills. The fences on the Cotswolds are most usually loose stone walls, easy enough jumping on the flat, but which call for very careful negotiation when they confront you on a slope like the roof of a house.

One great advantage of Major de Freville's country is the total absence of wire. It is used in summer in the vales, but the farmers are keen hunting souls to a man, and quite readily allow the wire to be removed from their fields in the season, so you may race over the flying fences which are to be found on the low ground without a thought of the danger that haunts you in many more fashionable countries. You want a horse that can jump water in the vale, for the brooks are many, and very often wide.



COTSWOLD HOUNDS: WAITING FOR BREAKFAST.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE VERESTCHAGIN EXHIBITION AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN PAINTER WILL MAKE YOU HATE WAR IF YOU GO AND SEE HIS PICTURES OF NAPOLEON'S RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN AND KINDRED SUBJECTS.

At the Grafton Galleries on Monday last, M. Verestchagin, the Russian painter, opened an exhibition of his series of oil-paintings illustrative of the Campaign of Moscow and the retreat of the Grand Army. Verestchagin is well known as the most realistic of all the painters of war. He has studied the subject from the life by seeing service with the Russian Army as a



AFTER MOSCOW: NAPOLEON DISILLUSIONED.

From Mr. William Heinemann's forthcoming publication on Verestchagin.

volunteer. In this way he followed the campaign in Central Asia, which resulted in the annexation of the Khanates, and, at a later date, he took part in the Russo-Turkish War. He was desperately wounded in this campaign in an attempt to blow up a Turkish gunboat on the Danube, and he received the Cross of St. George, the highest military decoration in the gift of the Tsar. In running all these risks his first object was the pursuit of his art. He wanted to show war as it is, and to do this he felt that he must share its perils. The result of this method of study was, in each case, a series of pictures terribly realistic in their character, and painted without fear or favour for either side. In the collection illustrative of the Russo-Turkish campaign, he showed the fearful cost at which the Russian Army tried to present Plevna to the Czar as a birthday gift. We witness the assault on the Turkish intrenchments, a profitless adventure which cost the army ten thousand men. Then, after the final surrender of the fortress, we see the Turkish soldiers marching into captivity, and lining the roads with their dead and wounded as they fell out of the ranks. Next we have the ghastly episodes of the main advance, and realise the dire meaning that lay behind General Gourkô's despatches announcing "All quiet at Shipka." The quietness was often that of death—the quietness of sentries who had been frozen at their posts, and whose graves were the drifting snow. Such pictures, of course, imply a moral against war, but the moral is not exactly of the artist's seeking, or, at any rate, he likes to think it is not.

These principles and this method of observation apply to his latest series of works, the one now on exhibition at the Grafton Gallery. As a Russian, it is needless to say, he has no particular inclination to hold up the French to the execration of his countrymen, or to gloat over their sufferings and misfortunes. But, equally as a Russian and as a Russian military painter, it seems to come to him in the natural course of things to paint the greatest military event in Russian history. He paints it as impartially as if he were dealing with a campaign in which he had no patriotic concern. So he has given us the successive scenes of this colossal drama with a realistic force which leaves nothing to be desired, avoiding, however, as far as he can, the horrors of sheer carnage, in order to insist more emphatically on the general suffering that follows in the train of war. Thus, his Borodino, the great battle that gave the French possession of Moscow, is seen, as a battle, only in the background of a composition in which Napoleon and his Marshals occupy the most

prominent place. The Emperor sits in front of the Staff, with a drum for a footstool, and looks down on the canopy of smoke that hides the worst abominations of the spectacle. Napoleon's attitude of enforced repose really gives the clue to all the disasters of the campaign. He failed in 1812 because of an attack of illness which made it impossible for him to mount his horse. His sufferings were so acute at times that he was hardly master of himself, and the consequent indecision and want of energy made him linger in Moscow on delusive hopes of an arrangement until the winter overtook him. The campaign of 1812 marked the decline of his powers. The next great scene after Borodino shows us the French army defiling before the Emperor to seize the prize of the ancient capital of the Tsars. Now they are in Moscow, and, through a window in the Kremlin, the Emperor looks out on the fire which is the presage of the ruin of his hopes. In due time, and after fruitless offers of peace, he has to retreat, accompanied, rather than followed, by a powerful Russian army, which marches in a parallel line with his own, and which is ready to take advantage of his slightest weakness or his slightest mistake. The road he is compelled to choose is the one by which he advanced, and which his troops ruined in their march by destroying everything which they were unable to carry away. It is the road of famine. A better one lay open by Kaluga, and Napoleon had nearly secured it. But a solitary Cossack saw the approach of the French, and warned the Russian commander in time to enable him to bar the way with his whole force. A sanguinary battle proved to Napoleon that it would be impossible to force his way through. His only choice lay between alternatives of ruin. If he took the open road, his troops would be starved; if he took the other, they would be annihilated by the Russian forces. In this fearful crisis of his fortunes he remained speechless in a peasant's hut for twenty-four hours; mostly with his head bowed on his hands. The Staff waited in vain for an order. At length, as some order had to be given, he sent his army to destruction by the road of famine. The other pictures of the series show their hopeless struggle against the forces of nature—cold, hunger, and every kind of privation. We see them huddled round the fires in their miserable bivouacs, and frozen to death as they lie in heaps in which all distinctions of rank are lost. At one moment the Emperor tries to still their murmurs by leaving his own comfortable carriage to walk in the snow. Crowds of Cossacks hover around them on all sides, and a fully equipped Russian army that can never be brought to battle is always at hand to overwhelm them in the last resort. RICHARD WHITEING.



AFTER MOSCOW: NAPOLEON DESPAIRING.

From Mr. William Heinemann's forthcoming publication on Verestchagin.



VERESTCHAGIN IN HIS STUDIO.



VERESTCHAGIN AND HIS FAMILY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The letters of Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III., have lately been collected and issued by Mr. Unwin, and, though they are of no literary and very little historical value, they have a personal interest which justifies their publication. They reveal her as a sensible, commonplace, good-natured woman, of strong family affection, habitually contented with her lot, which seems to have been all along a rather dull one. So little worldly wisdom was there at the Court of the third George, that the daughters were allowed to reach mature years without any efforts being made to procure them husbands. Elizabeth was not at all averse to marriage, yet she had to wait till she was forty-eight years old before she became the wife of the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg. When she was twenty-six, she was not permitted to look at any book that her mother had not already examined and read. She had no separate income of her own till she was forty-two. But she does not seem to have chafed under this domestic government. Indeed, the only real trouble that she allows herself to grieve over in her letters is the old King's madness. Under the shadow of that, she and her sisters lived long, dreary years. In her correspondence she will not call the malady by its name; perhaps she desired to think it was not the one that filled lunatic asylums, for she assures her friend, Lady Harcourt, "it is not the common kind of complaint." We get a glimpse of the ignorant barbarism with which the insane were still treated at the time in a letter to the same. "The first question the Council put to Sir Henry Hallford and Dr. Willis was, 'Do you think that, by throwing buckets of water upon your patient's head, he would be cured?' You may easily guess that they both answered these strange questions and proposals the same: that no regular-bred Physician would venture such an expedient, particularly my Father being blind; and at his time of life they could not answer for the consequences."

Probably it seemed to her to be a poor kind of life, that of a Princess, and she hints at other spheres where she would have been more at home. Yet, though she had a kind of interest in art, it is doubtful whether she would have been fit for one position she coveted. She went with her mother to Strawberry Hill to see Horace Walpole and his collections, and admired them rapturously. "I wish I could be housekeeper there," she writes, "for a fortnight. In case of your hearing that Lord O. (Orford) is in want of one, send to such a No., in such a place, near such a street, by such a castle, in such a lodge, you will find a discreet, steady young woman, who bears a tolerable good character, with the advantage of speaking a little French, who will be willing to enter such a Capacity; she is a single woman."

Happily for poor human nature, there is not one of us who has not been misunderstood to his advantage, and from female relatives comes mostly the flattering unctious we can lay to our souls. The fourth George, after being jested at by two generations, has become a fashionable memory in a few precious circles; but he should have got his sister Elizabeth to write his memoirs. In a letter to Prince William, she says, "It only makes us feel more strongly how much we owe him (the Prince Regent), and his whole conduct has been so delicate, so angelic, and so like Himself that I cannot say how penetrated I am with it."

In 1818 she retired to the poor German Court of Hesse-Homburg, where life was both frugal and formal, and undoubtedly dull. After her husband died, she still lived on with his relatives there, docile, domestic, contented as ever. Her best happiness came from her gift of making friends, and keeping them by her sincerity and her complete absence of any consciousness of her rank. With more brilliant opportunities she probably would not have shone. "I feel I am fitter for my own quiet and contented little home than the higher ranks of life. I like to watch my poor, my gardens, my cows (more) than all these weighty matters, which are far beyond my extreme weak understanding." When she paid visits to England she saw splendour which at once attracted and shocked her frugal but very feminine soul. On one of these occasions she writes, "I think the luxury at present is tremendous, more jewels and more extravagance than ever; it may be from my being used to woods and not to Towns, but I give you my word there is nothing to be had but what costs five pounds, so that one's money goes in a way which astonishes me; and everything is so lovely one longs to have it." When one closes the book, one feels there were cleverer and more striking members of the Georgian circle, but hardly one so honestly agreeable.

It is impossible for this reviewer to decide whether the novel called "A Mayfair Marriage" (Grant Richards) be a satire on modern crazes and on the latest gush, or whether it be serious sentimental hysterics. He thinks it may possibly be both alternately. Read either way, it is exceedingly amusing, and the writer, Mr. Grammont Hamilton, be he gibing or lyrical in temper, is, at least, clever, and has a very entertaining gift of chatter. It is a story of two young married folks, connected with the great world, tremendously literary and cultured, and with the gentleness of infants. The wife lives in a state of semi-frenzy through Farm Street music, Jacobitism, Legitimism, love for her husband, and for hosts of other people. Were she less emotional, or did she live on an ordinary plane, she would be the heroine of countless scandals; for her babble of the French lilies, and bonnie Prince Charlie, and Plato, and the soul and the affections, is fascinating to the male sex; but she emerges unscathed and as infantile as ever from the most compromising situations. She is an original and lively companion for a holiday hour,

q. q.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The recent announcement that the best-known dramatic critic was retiring from his post has served to call attention to the position of dramatic critics in general. In a solemn sort of valedictory utterance, the retiring veteran warned the public against the tendency of managers and actors to encroach on the independence of critics, and resent all comment not entirely favourable. Whether this tendency had anything to do with his own *mise en non-activité* he left to the imagination of his readers. It may have been one of the causes, but doubtless there are others, and on their nature it is wisest not to speculate.

I am inclined to think that the danger to the independence of critics is hardly very great. To begin with, apart from the gentleman who has just retired, there is hardly a critic whose opinion has habitually any commercial value—I mean, that there is hardly anyone whose sentence would decide a wavering playgoer to go to one piece and not to go to another. No doubt, if all the papers condemned a play, it would require great attractions to succeed; if all praised it, however, it would not necessarily be a success. But if, as is usually the case, judgments differ, the balance of opinion does not help or hinder the success of the play much. The verdict that runs from man to man in the saloon between the acts, and from club to club, after the first performance, is worth more for good or harm than all the critics that ever praised, damned, or "hedged."

The danger to critics comes rather from themselves than from any managerial manoeuvres. And the first and greatest peril is the formation of the *esprit de corps* among them. They are a small body of men, and they exercise collectively considerable influence. But if they ever come to act collectively, they will be a public nuisance. A dramatic critic is expected to give his own deliberate individual opinion on the performances that he sees and hears, and not to allow the views of any other person, manager, actor, author, or critic, to have any weight on his independent judgment.

Now, in one respect, and that rather an important one, dramatic critics do act collectively, and after the manner of a trades-union. Not a few critics are connected with the stage as authors; not a few dramatists have been critics or journalists. It is a matter of common knowledge that the authorship or collaboration of a critic has a distinctly favourable effect on the notices of a piece. It is perfectly natural that it should be so. We all are favourably disposed towards the work of a colleague and a friend. And, though it is not the custom for a critic-author to judge his own work, his journal is none the less sure to view it favourably. Even when a critic has resigned his post of observer and gone in wholly for creation, the prestige of the Press clings to him and envelops him with an aureole of success, though the box-office returns of his much-praised pieces tell a different story.

A critic is a judge, and he has no more business to tilt the scales of justice for the advantage of another critic than for the sake of any man. But it is to be feared that such tilting does occasionally take place. For instance, if a lady plays some small part sufficiently well, and a perfect eruption of rapturous paragraphs breaks out concerning her—and if one afterwards hears that she is honoured by the approval of some eminent Pressman—it is difficult not to connect the two facts. This, too, is a kindly action, and far removed from any reproach of corruption and venality; but it marks a lowness of tone, an absence of seriousness, an entire lack of vocation, on the part of those who lend themselves to such manoeuvres.

It is probably the same low estimate of a critic's duties that is responsible for the other great defect of some of our dramatic judges. They are too often ignorant, or rather, indolent; they will not take the trouble to know anything about the piece they see unless knowledge is positively forced on them, and then they blame their informants for fussy officiousness. If the piece is adapted from a foreign play, they will not trouble to look up the original; they will praise or blame manager, author, or actor for doing something that has not been done, and, in fact, could not have been done. They come in the middle of a piece, perhaps, and go before the end, and find the plot unintelligible; and their commonest and most irritating trick is to complain that they, the illustrious, have to sit for two or three hours and endure the terrible nonsense that it has taken many men months of time to produce and put on the stage.

Now it is well that bad work should be marked down as bad, and this can be done in a perfectly friendly and sympathetic manner. But a man who accepts the post of a dramatic critic, binds himself to sit and see a number of pieces, some of which are sure to be nonsense. If he finds these unendurable, let him resign, and in future he can go only to such plays as please him—and can pay for his seat, too.—MARMITON.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

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"ALICE IN WONDERLAND," AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



THE MAD TEA-PARTY, IN WHICH ALICE SITS DOWN WITH THE HARE (MASTER LEACH), THE DORMOUSE (MASTER HAROLD DE BECKER), AND THE HATTER (MR. ARTHUR ELIOT).

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out, as they saw Alice coming. "There's plenty of room," said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large chair at the end of the table.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND," AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



HUMPTY-DUMPTY (MR. CAMERON).

*"Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall."*



THE LOBSTER (MR. BERT SINDEN).

It's the voice of the Lobster, I hear him declare, "You have baked me too brown, you must sugar my hair."



THE RABBIT (MASTER PAUNCEFORT), AND ALICE.

This is the famous White Rabbit who took Alice away with him to Wonderland. When they got there he appeared splendidly dressed, with a large fan in his hand. She asked him in a low, timid voice, "If you please, Sir—" But the Rabbit dropped his fan and scurried away.



TWEEDLEDUM (MR. CHEESEMAM), AND TWEEDLEDEE (MR. KING).

Tweedledum and Tweedledee agreed to have a battle. For Tweedledum said Tweedledee had spoiled his nice new rattle. Just then flew down a monstrous crow, as black as a tar-barrel, Which frightened both the heroes so, they quite forgot their quarrel.

“ALICE IN WONDERLAND,” AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



THE HATTER APPEARS ON HIS HORSE.



THE DUCHESS (MISS ALICE BARTH).



THE QUEEN (MRS. ARTHUR ELIOT), THE KING, ALICE, AND THE KNAVE.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND," AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER (MR. CAMERON).

The time has come, O Carpenter, to talk of many things: of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—of cabbages and kings, and why the sea is boiling hot—and whether pigs have wings.



THE WALRUS (MR. STAVELEY), AND THE OYSTER.

Some butter and a loaf of bread is what we chiefly need; pepper and vinegar besides are very good indeed—now, if you're ready, Oysters dear, we can begin to feed.



THE FIRST OYSTER (MISS BEADON) OPENS UP TO THE GENTLE PERSUASION OF THE WALRUS.

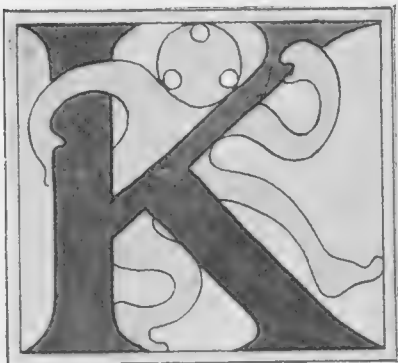


THE MOCK TURTLE (MR. CHEESEMAN), ALICE, AND THE GRYPHON (MR. MURRAY KING).

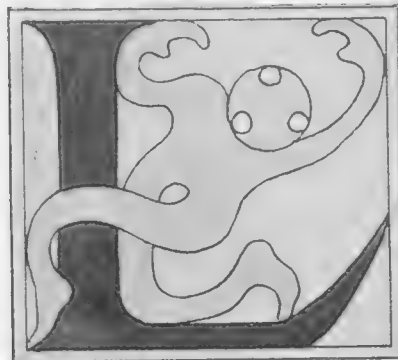
BY GELETT BURGESS

A BIOGRAPHY OF FAMOUS GOOPS

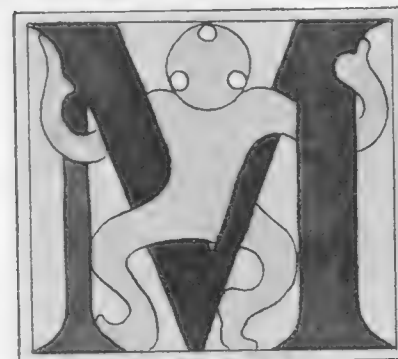
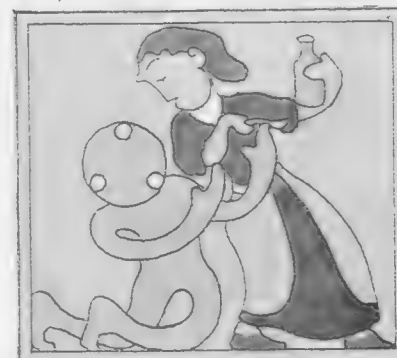
KADESH TO OBADIAH



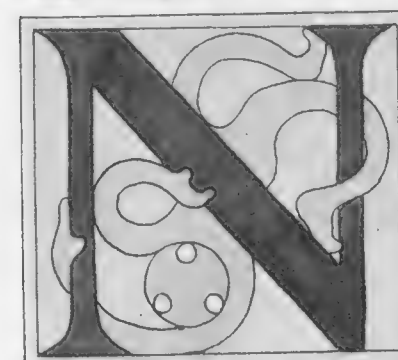
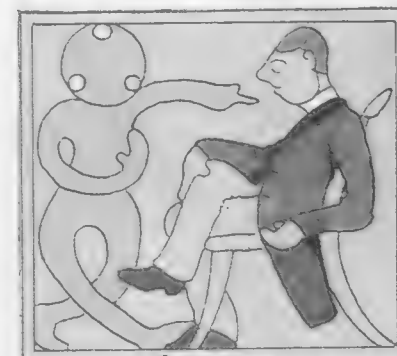
Imagine KADESH for a Name!
Yet he was Clever, All the Same;
He knew Arithmetic, at Four,
As well as Boys of Seven or More!
*But I prefer far Duller Boys,
Who do not Make such Awful Noise!*



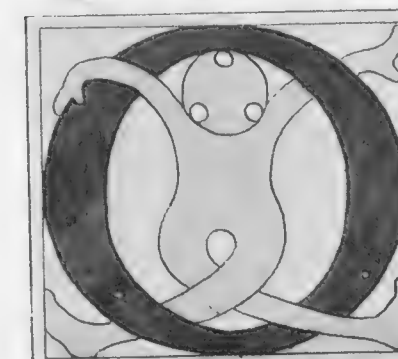
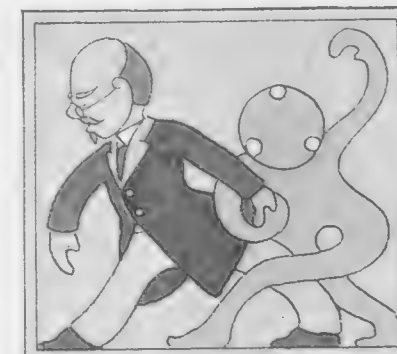
Oh, Laugh at LABAN, if you Will!
But he was Brave, when he was Ill.
When he was Ill, he was so Brave, ..
He Swallowed All his Mother gave!
*But Somehow, she could never Tell
Why he was Worse when he was Well.*



If MICAH's Mother told him "No!"
He made but Little of his Woe;
He always answered, "Yes; I'll Try!"
For MICAH thought it Wrong to Cry;
*Yet he was always Asking Questions,
And making quite Ill-Timed Suggestions!*



I fancy NICODEMUS knew
As much as I, or even You;
He was too Careful, I am Sure,
To Scratch or Soil the Furniture;
He Never Squirmed, he Never Squalled,
He Never Came when he was Called!



I think that OBADIAH's Charm
Was that he never cared to Harm
Dumb Animals in any Way,
Though Some are Cruel, when they Play;
*But though he was so Sweet and Kind,
His Mother found him Slow to Mind!*





SEARCHING MEN OF H.M.S. "PALLAS" ON THEIR RETURN FROM LEAVE ON SHORE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.



THE BOARD-ROOM AT THE ADMIRALTY, WHERE THE OFFICIAL CONSULTATIONS TAKE PLACE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BEDFORD LEMERE, STRAND.

MR. MONEY-COUTTS'S NEW POEMS.*

Mr. Money-Coutts achieved immediate distinction with his first volume by the fact that he was not among the poets who think that, having nothing to say, they are the better able to say it well. He has that prime necessity for the formation of style in the present age of the English language—intellect. The spiritual mind and the ethical inspiration and “fundamental brain-work” are in his books; and though his poem sings, it is a poem, and not a song. The spirituality of the senses (which is very like the “resurrection of the body,” as another age would have it), the dignity of love, the conviction that man grows “holy” not by the weakness, but by the strength of his human and passionate affections, and the confidence that woman, with the single purity of fire, not of snow, will purge, in future and nobler conditions of the race, the doubting will of man—this seems to be the creed of the poems, and I desire to state it in language that shall not do injustice to its gravity. There is, I believe, but one word whereby Mr. Money-Coutts himself does this injustice, and that is the completely and startlingly inharmonious word “sin.” The honour of human nature, for which he makes his claim, is virtue—under a new aspect, as he thinks, but assuredly virtue—or nothing. And now with respect to the novelty or revolt which Mr. Money-Coutts proclaims: his theory is, in fact, as old as religion itself, of which certain students have believed it to be the secret heart and centre.

The “world,” as all the teachers of spirituality in all ages and races aver, is the real enemy of love—the world, riches, ambition, pleasure followed for its own egoistic sake. These are held to be the opponents both of the integrity and of the exclusiveness of love. Mr. Money-Coutts has all authentic mysticism, east and west, upon his side on the point of the integrity of love. On the point of its exclusiveness, mysticism is obliged to leave its regions of liberty and spirit, and to dictate systems and to constrain by moral laws, for the conduct of human life; and this for no other purpose than the protection of weak human beings. Order, and especially the order of monogamy, is obviously constituted for the prevention of cruelty; and, with the human race—its oppressible and dependent creatures, its ageing women and helpless children—standing between him and liberty, the thinker will not hesitate to accept the reign of law. Neither Mr. Money-Coutts nor any other theorist is able to deny with any authority the fact of moral evil in the world, and moral evil is the cause of constraint. This is serious matter for a review, and for such brief indication as a review permits; but the reviewer who is not impelled to think out the thoughts of these poems must needs do them wrong. Unfortunately there is every probability that they will be read with the cheap and usual levity, and the usual levity in the case of poems charged with such a meaning as Mr. Money-Coutts's becomes an unusual profanity. “The sacredness of sin” would mean, if it meant anything at all, something as unwholesome as it is unnecessary, to the mind of the first-comer. It is the only phrase on this subject with which I quarrel, and the author will note that it is the only phrase which, far from explaining what he has to teach, confuses it completely. Here is Mr. Money-Coutts's final word—

Follow the Woman Spirit! Onward and onward soar,
Far from the chasing Demons! Hark to their baffled roar!
Follow the Woman Spirit, thorough the noxious night,
Follow her like the swallow, seeking for love and light!

Let not the world entice thee! Push all its hands aside!
Let this alone suffice thee; follow thy destined bride!
There is none other guidance, there is none other goal:
Follow her still-receding, heavenly-leading soul!

Foulness and Folly pursue thee; fiercer than either, Fame!
Envy, Hatred, and Malice—this is his triple name.
Flee, flee away for ever! Thorough the noxious night;
Follow the Woman Spirit, seeking for love and light!

* “The Alhambra, and Other Poems.” By F. B. Money-Coutts, London: John Lane.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

This is the centenary year of the Royal Institution, the happy parent in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, of many of the most valuable and far-reaching scientific discoveries of this century. Its history constitutes practically the whole working career of such men as Sir Humphrey Davy, Michael Faraday, Dr. Thomas Young, and Tyndall, whose researches have resulted in such enormous changes in the conditions of life in the nineteenth century. There, in that laboratory, Davy established, when only twenty-eight years of age, the union between chemistry and electricity; and his discovery of electro-magnetism was followed up some years later by Faraday, who found that the magnet produces electricity, with all that this meant in the development of telegraphy. Coming to more recent times, it was at the Royal Institution that such men as Lord Rayleigh, and Professor Dewar first announced to the world the results of their original research.

Curiously enough, the Institution was founded by Count Rumford, whose name has come down to us more as the universal provider of dinners for the poor than as the guardian angel of budding science. But science is nothing if not cosmopolitan, and in that sense the founder is typical of the objects of the Royal Institution which sprang from his restless energy. Born in a Massachusetts farmhouse in 1753, he was apprenticed to “an importer of British goods and a dealer in everything.” Meanwhile, his mind ranged everywhere, or, as the Americans put it, “his mind bossed creation.” He learnt something of anatomy, chemistry, surgery, physics; he married before he was twenty; in the War of Independence he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the King's American Dragoons. He came to England and experimented in gunpowder and the velocity of projectiles. George III. knighted him, as Sir Benjamin Thompson, and gave him a pension. Then he took up arms for Austria against the Turks. The reorganisation of military service in Bavaria was due to him. In Munich he fitted up public kitchens, bakehouses, workshops, washhouses, and tried to render people “virtuous by first making them happy.” Valuable discoveries were made by him in regard to heat and light. Not only was he created Count Rumford, but Poland conferred on him the high Order of Stanislaus.

At length he returned to London, and, among other things, his fertile brain conceived the Royal Institution, which hethereupon floated into being. Meanwhile, nearly every European capital had opened great public kitchens in his name for relieving the distresses of the poor, which were specially keen at that period, sixty thousand persons in London alone being thus fed daily. These circumstances had immense influence on the original scheme of the Royal Institution, so soon to become a fashionable resort. Its object was to diffuse knowledge of new and useful improvements, wherever they originated, for the increase of domestic comfort and convenience among the poor. It was boldly declared that the gallery was added to the theatre (to which

crowds are now attracted by Sir Robert Ball's Christmas juvenile lectures on Astronomy) in order to accommodate young mechanics and craftsmen, who “naturally” would not wish to sit below among their “betters.” Indeed, it was here, “just over the clock,” that Michael Faraday heard the lectures on chemistry which decided his whole future career.

But Rumford was fortunate in securing the services of young Humphrey Davy, whose original research in the laboratory and highly popular lectures established the whole future position of the Royal Institution, which henceforth became associated with a new epoch in the history of chemistry, and ceased to be associated with the poor or with the struggling mechanic.

Since then it has never lacked the support of the highest in the land. The Prince Consort attended with his young sons several of the Christmas courses, and the Prince of Wales, who is Vice-Patron, has never forgotten the pleasure he derived from Faraday's lectures. He presided at the centenary meetings of that scientist's birth in 1891, and it is probable that his influence will decide the exact form that the centenary celebrations of the Royal Institution will take during the coming London season.



MR. F. B. MONEY-COUTTS, THE POET, IN COURT-DRESS.

From the Painting by Professor Herkomer.

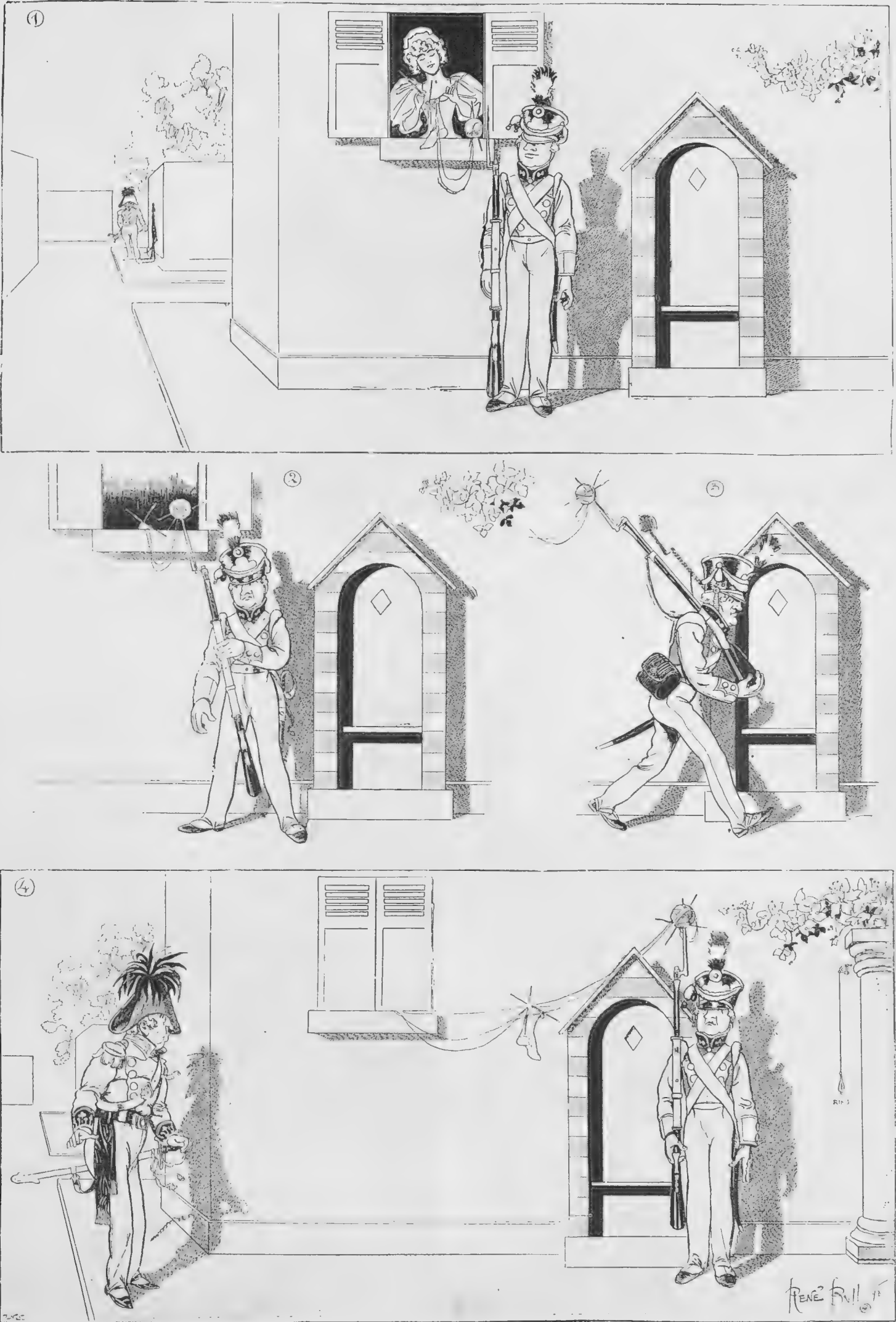
LITTLE LONDONERS AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BALL

Pictured by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

MISS VIOLET PARKIN AS THE "LADY'S FIELD" POSTER.

MASTER R. P. TAYLOR AND MISS BEATRICE THORNTON AS ROBIN HOOD
AND MAID MARIAN.MISS CATHERINE VAN DUZER AS A SHEPHERDESS
(LOUIS XV. PERIOD).

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A MIRACULOUS FOUNTAIN.

Of what strange and startling contrasts the world is full, was the thought which passed through my mind as I stepped one morning early into the main street of the little town of La Louvesc, which lies hidden away



THE LITTLE TOWN OF LA LOUVESC.

among the hills of the Haute Vivarais in the Department of Ardèche, eastward of the highest peaks of the Cévennes. Not that there was anything very startling in the scene before me, which was touched with rosy colour by the beams of the rising sun. Only a straggling street of rough stone or stuccoed houses, broken on one side by a handsome church, with its wide arched gateway flanked by two towers, where the bells were ringing for early Mass; three or four big hotels, looking out of all proportion to the size of the town; an irregular *Place* surrounded by shops for the sale of *articles de dévotion*, their shutters down even at that early hour, and everything ready for business—that was all. Nevertheless, as I looked, a strange feeling possessed my mind that I had somehow stepped back into mediæval times. For this was La Louvesc, the scene of the last days of St. Jean François Régis, of the Company of Jesus, Missionary of the Velay and the Vivarais, whose sanctity has so hallowed the spot where he lies buried that his name has been handed down, for more than two hundred and fifty years, by a long chain of miracles.

The town is scarcely more than a village, but for the few big hotel and shops which have been established in consequence of the pilgrimages. It virtually consists of one main street, the *Place*, and a few tiny streets leading thereto. The present church, which is a fine, massive building in the form of a tomb, was erected only in 1877, but stands on the site of the ancient parish church where the Saint used to preach, and where he was buried. The holy fountain which has worked so many miraculous cures lies a few minutes' walk from the town. It is approached through an avenue of fir-trees, and on each side of the road little wooden booths have been erected for the sale of rosaries, crucifixes, medals, candles, and, above all, bottles in which the sacred water can be carried away. The fountain itself is protected by a small arched building, in which is a statue of the Saint, and the water is the fresh, pure water of a mountain spring.

St. François Régis was born towards the close of the sixteenth

century, and was early distinguished for his remarkable piety and many virtues. After joining the Jesuits, he was sent as a missionary into the Vivarais, which was suffering, as his Roman Catholic biographer relates, from the triumph of the Calvinists and from the "civil wars raised by their fanaticism." When it is remembered that the Vivarais and the Gévaudan were the scenes of the fearful "dragonnades" under

Louis XIV., it is possible that the Calvinists might have attributed the suffering of the province to another cause. St. François seems to have been indefatigable in his work of winning back the people to the Catholic Church, travelling on foot from village to village, regardless of the difficulties of the route and the inclemency of the weather. His last journey to La Louvesc was made in the depth of winter, and, losing his way, he was obliged to pass a night in an unprotected shed, where he contracted pleurisy from the bitter cold. On his arrival, however, he insisted on holding the mission, and passed his time, scarcely stopping for rest or food, in preaching and in hearing confessions, till his strength entirely gave way. He died at the house of the curé on Dec. 31, 1640, and on this spot a small chapel has now been erected, wherein various relics of the Saint are preserved.

Scarcely had the Saint passed away than the miraculous gifts which he had occasionally exercised in his life seemed to pass to the place hallowed by his death, and so numerous were the miracles that, in 1716, Pope Clement XI., on the appeal of the Bishops of Languedoc, raised François Régis to the rank of a saint.

Every kind of disease or infirmity, so it is believed, may be—and, indeed, has been—cured at La Louvesc by the power of St. François; sometimes the miracle takes place at the tomb, sometimes at the fountain, sometimes a vow to the Saint is sufficient. For instance, it is recorded that a young girl who had broken her arm in such a way that amputation was necessary, recommended herself to the care of St. François. Her mother and nine of her friends also made a vow to go on foot to the tomb of the Saint at La Louvesc. The next day, when the surgeons arrived to perform the operation, they found the sick girl completely cured!

Many pilgrimages are also made to the village of Béage, in Ardèche, where a relic of the Saint in the shape of one of his thumbs is preserved, by means of which many miracles are also worked.



A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION AT LA LOUVESC.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

SERGEANT HARDING'S ESCAPE.

BY G. STANLEY ELLIS.

"This is the tale of my narrow escape. 'It's a poor heart that never rejoices,'" said the Sergeant, staring with fixed, unseeing eyes at the smoke from his churchwarden, "or so people say. But I say it's a poor heart that can't rejoice about two opposite things at two different times, or, possibly, at the same time. A man who can't do that shows a narrow-mindedness which you do not see in men who have had the advantages of a University education or a military training. Similarly, if a man cannot love two women, if not at the same time, at any rate in quick succession, he shows a shallow-heartedness which, I am sure, you can't find in the Army. It's like a man writing in two newspapers about a book or a play. Why shouldn't he praise in one and blame in the other? That is, instead of writing one review with both, bring its good points out in one and its bad points in another. That's sympathy and catholicity. Now, in this way, it is evident that my loving a girl in Cheriton before we went to the East, and my willingness to marry her had I not been prevented, are no reasons that I should not fall in love when I got to the East.

"Karachi is a town that we discovered during the Afghan War, because the Government found it better to disembark troops there and take them over the railway up to Rawal Pindi or Peshawur, instead of carrying them all the way down to Bombay and then sending them all the way back North again. So, when we got to Karachi, we took the train journey up to Rawal Pindi, and stopped there a while in the cantonments before we went away to the front. It's astonishing how long it takes a Government, after the soldiers are ready, to move them to the front. Now, when we got into cantonments, I made friends with a Hussar in the cavalry lines. One day I walked over to look for him, and found he was gone down to his Sergeant's quarters. So I walked down after him, and, as I got outside the hut, he saw me coming along and called out, 'Hallo, Gravel-crusher!'

"Now, he had never been so rude and insulting before, as we had been the best of friends; so this speech much surprised me. I went nearer, casually unbuckling my belt as I went, and then the reason of his rudeness was apparent. He was sitting with a young woman, and wanted to show off to her.

"'You cherry-picking bumper,' said I—'asking the young lady's pardon for using such language before her—I know how it is you dare to be so rude. You'd not say such a thing if we were alone. You know the young lady's presence protects you, so I forgive you.'

"'Introduce your friend to me,' said she, and he said—

"'Miss Maud Morris, let me present you to my friend Mr. Harding, 1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, late Thirty-Second.'

"'Pleased to meet you,' said she. 'Though I don't mix much myself with anyone below the cavalry, I like to meet men with brains in their heads to work their tongues with. And some of these smart cavalrymen are a good deal brighter and sharper in the heels than the head.'

"Of course, you know the Guns always look down on the Horse, and the Horse always look down on the Foot—which is, I am perfectly convinced, founded on a wrong principle. For example, the Guns claim precedence on account of being the senior branch of the service. Just as well might a matchlock call itself the superior of a Lee-Metford. Which, as the Engineer sergeants say, is absurd. Now it follows that, if the cavalrymen look down on the infantrymen, the women in the cavalry married quarters look down on the women in the infantry married quarters with a contempt not to be expressed by a vocabulary without a feminine accent. So, when Miss Morris said, 'Will you stop and take a cup of tea?' I began to think we were getting on very well. She was a nice girl, but I'm no hand at describing female beauty of face and figure and character. Personally, I go nap on the figure, and the face next. But you've, all of you, known some nice girls in your time. Think of one of them, and there you have the daughter of Sergeant Morris of the Hussars. Tea is not much in my line, but I stopped and took it all the same, and I got on very well with the father and mother; and as to Maud, I'd had a girl of that name in Cheriton, when we lay in Shorncliffe—at least, her name was Sarah, and I used to call her Maud—so it seemed so natural to be slipping into the Christian name every now and then, and apologising for it, that she and I were soon the best of friends. The cavalryman kicked me under the table, and looked glum. When we said 'Good-bye,' he said, 'I'll come down to your lines with you, Harding.' And, when we got outside, he went on, 'You know, we can't have the Foot swarming in our lines and running after our women.'

"'Since when was the young lady yours?' asked I. 'Her father and mother didn't seem to mind an infantryman in the house. What's it to do with you?'

"'Well, I may as well tell you. You're near your first stripe, and so am I. So it's no use for me to punch your head—'

"'No. Because you can't.'

"'Not so much because of that, but because, if we get fighting, we both get put back in our chance of the lance, and then, perhaps, someone else steps in with the girl. I'm going to marry her when I get that stripe, and I'm not going to be bottled up because you want to fight.'

"'You're quite right. There's been an idea running through my mind, and what you say about it quite settles me. I'm going to marry her myself. So we won't fight.'

"'Well, we'll play fair, anyhow. Call for me at four to-morrow, and we'll go round together.'

"We went round together, and Maud managed to get her mother, who was an old campaigner, to tell long tales to the cavalryman about the various stations she had been in. Now, the beauty of these tales was that they never ended, but each glided imperceptibly into another. So it was impossible for the cavalryman, without being rude, to escape. And to be rude to your mother-in-law before you are even engaged is very foolish. Therefore, Maud and I got on very well, and the habit of the Christian name continued, while the apology stopped. We got to understand each other very well, and she gave me a lock of her hair to wear when I went away. The cavalryman and I went off together, because I told him it wasn't fair he should stop later.

"'We went together,' I said, 'and we'll go together.'

"'And you're forgetting the innings you've had, while I've been having nothing but tales of the cold in Canada and the heat in Hindustan.'

"'Fair's fair. You mustn't quarrel with the umpire's decision because Nature has made the girls take more to me than to you.'

"'If it wasn't for that coming stripe, I'd black your eye, Harding.'

"When we got back to my lines, on our way to the Canteen to drink fair play to each other, we met my Colour-Sergeant.

"'Hallo, Harding!' he said, 'what have you been doing to Sergeant Morris of the Hussars?'

"'Nothing that I know of. Why?'

"'He's been round here asking about you this afternoon: what kind of a boy you are, whether you drink, what's your family—Oh, I made you out a relation of the Courtenays, the Carews, and all the big West Country people, and said that, in a branch line, you were a near relation of kings—what your chances of stripes are, and the like. Oh, I did all I could for you.'

"'Thank you, Colour-Sergeant.'

"'What are you after?'

"'Seems more what's he after, doesn't it?'

"'He wouldn't tell me, so I thought you might.'

"'Well,' said the cavalryman, 'I'll tell you. Harding and I are both after Sergeant Morris's daughter. Now you know all about it.'

"'Harding'll have to look sharp about it,' said the Colour-Sergeant. 'We are off to Peshawur in the morning, on the way to the front.'

"'Good luck go with you both,' said the cavalryman. 'I wish I was going with you, just to hurry that stripe up.'

"Now, when we got into the lines, I had all my work to get myself smart and fit for the morning. I did run down to the cavalry lines when all my accoutrements were shining and my kit packed. But the lights were out, and evidently the Morrisses were in bed, and you entrain too early in India to pay afternoon calls first. So, when we got to Peshawur, I wrote a long letter telling Maud how suddenly we had got the route, and how I loved her and wanted to marry her when I got back. You won't want to have the letter word for word. Remembering, as I do, the letters that are read in breach-of-promise cases, I would rather not recall the absolute details of it.

"Now it happened that the cavalryman was acting orderly corporal of the day when that letter arrived at Rawal Pindi, and he had to go down to the Morrisses, for Morris was orderly sergeant. When he got there and sat down alone to wait for the Sergeant, he saw my letter lying on the table. He took it up and turned it over in his hand, recognising the writing. Perhaps I had forgotten to stick it down—people do funny things when they are in love—and perhaps I hadn't done all possible to keep private the letter I most wished to have unseen by outsiders. Anyhow, he took it up, and either the envelope was unfastened, or it came unfastened. As I said before, people do such funny things when they are in love. The cavalryman took the letter out of the envelope, read it, put it back, and stuck it up. Then, when Morris had turned up, and they had had their say, Maud came in, and flushed very much at seeing the letter. She opened it, read it, and followed the cavalryman out.

"'I want a telegram sent,' said she, 'and I can't very well go out to send it without making father and mother curious as to where I'm gone. And I don't want to do that.' She didn't know the cavalryman knew what was in the letter.

"'All right, I'll do it,' said the cavalryman.

"'Send a telegram to your friend Harding, saying, "Accepted."'

"'One word only?'

"'One word only.'

"So the cavalryman went off to the telegraph-office and wrote out a message—

Harding, I Company, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. Accepted.

"'Don't you want to sign it?' asked the operator.

"Then an idea struck him. He signed it, remembering that the Post Office leaves out stops, 'Cavalryman.'

"Now, when I got that telegram, it read, 'Accepted cavalryman.' Then I went out for a long walk, and kicked three natives who never did any harm to me.

"Bad news came from the front, and next day we moved forward again. One day we were met by a disorderly mob of men who acted in defiance of all military rules, kept advancing without being demoralised by a machine-gun, and did not retreat before trained men. What can one do with men who can't play the game better than that?"



A SAMPLER WORKED BY MARY THOMPSON.

Before long it came to close quarters, and the bayonets were clashing on the long swords and spears. Ah, a bayonet's very well to look at, but give me a pitchfork at close quarters. I saw old Colour-Sergeant Nale go down, his brown face turning to a dirty yellow that was like the sand-tinged sea-foam. And one thing struck me afterwards when I remembered it. As his face twitched while he was going, a brightly coloured butterfly hovered over it, and, as the twitching stopped and he went, the insect settled on his mouth. More than that I never noticed, except that it was all one great squash, rather like the playing of Rugby football, and that we were giving point and butt

wildly at anything that was in front of us. One great Afghan, carrying a green flag, was rushing at Lieutenant Tresidder with a long sword uplifted in his right hand. Somehow I got in front, and the next thing I remembered was some weeks afterwards, when I woke up in a temporary hospital, feeling rather weak. The lieutenant came in, and began to talk a lot of nonsense about my having saved his life; but that was all rubbish, for I never knew anything about it, except that I couldn't get out of the Afghan's way. Well, the long and short of it was that I must be invalided for a bit. They took me down to Peshawur with a lot of other lame ducks, and—you know what non-combatants are, can't fight, or do anything else—the M. S. C. put on me a bandage that shifted. They never found it out till the wound started bleeding again, and I went off in a faint. That meant another turn in hospital in Peshawur. When I was getting better, of course I asked what regiments were lying in Peshawur. I found the cavalryman's was there. So, the first day I got out, I toddled down to the cavalry lines. There I met Sergeant Morris.

"How are you, and how are Mrs. Morris—and Maud?" asked I.

"All's well," he said with a laugh. "And how's yourself?"

"I was in trouble over the other side of the mountains with a bit of Afghan steel in my body. I've been sent up here to hospital. How's my chum?"

"He's all right," Morris laughed again. "You're not looking very gay. Just lean on my arm, and I'll pilot you down to his lines."

"When we stopped before a hut, I said—

"These are the married lines, surely?"

"Of course they are," said Morris, and he laughed a third time. Then he opened the door, and we went in. There sat Maud, mending a pair of socks. She blushed as she saw me, and said—

"I'm glad to see you again, for it's a very long time since we heard anything of you."

"I've been laid up in hospital, or I shouldn't have been—well, to tell you the truth, I don't know that I should have been here at all if I hadn't met your father."

"But why didn't you answer my telegram?"

"When a man gets a telegram saying a woman has accepted another man, the kind of answer he feels inclined to give would not be taken by a telegraph operator."

"But I got my husband—"

"Your husband?"

"Yes. When you didn't take the trouble to reply, I married him."

"But what did he do?"

"I got him to telegraph to you to say I accepted, and he signed it 'Cavalryman'—the name you always called him."

"There are no stops on the telegraph, so it came to me 'Accepted Cavalryman.'"

"Well, it can't be helped now. We are very happy, and, as a friend, mind you, I advise you to get married too. It must have been an interposition of Providence. You know, marriages don't turn out well when the husband and the wife are of different religions or different stations in life, so it's just as well I married in the regiment, and didn't come down out of my station to marry into the Foot."

"And, now I come to think of it, it's just as well. For, if she'd married into the infantry, I might have had a wife and ten or twelve dirty little children by now."

SAMPLER-PICTURES.

In various numbers of *The Sketch*, more or less recent, have appeared illustrations and papers bearing on samplers and sampler-maps, but, so far as I am aware, the remaining type of sampler, namely, the sampler-picture, has not received notice. Of course, the most general style of sampler was of the kind we so frequently meet with, consisting of the Alphabet, the numerals, and a verse of poetry or scriptural quotation. I give illustrations of two sampler-pictures. One is worked on very fine canvas in green silk, varied by a little red for the roses, and purple for the grapes. It bears the inscription, "C. Scarcliff, 1818, aged 11 yr." The date is interesting, as being the year in which the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the father and mother of Her Majesty, were married.

Although the working throughout of this picture is so carefully done, and the general design certainly not lacking in artistic merit, it is curious to observe the utter disregard of all principles of perspective, vanishing lines and points of sight being evidently unknown quantities, and treated accordingly. The general effect, however, is very pleasing, and little Miss Scarcliff in the year 1818 no doubt would be well content with the work to which she appended her name. She tried to get as much into her picture as she could by showing us portions of the buildings which, had we been on the spot, we certainly could not have seen for ourselves. This picture is in a plain mahogany frame of the period.

The other sampler-picture is of a more elaborate style of workmanship, and really shows some exceedingly fine embroidery stitches. The colours, which are both varied and brilliant, are chosen with great taste, and with a fine perception of shading and an equally fine perception of contrast. On looking at this sampler-picture, one is naturally struck by the utter disproportion of the birds (which appear to be bullfinches) to everything else surrounding them. The natural conclusion would appear to be that the birds have been the primary object of the picture, and that the whole of the landscape has been filled in merely as a background for these birds—certainly, without doubt, they are the most striking objects, and must have proved a source of great pride to the worker. This picture has no date, and is enclosed in a gilt frame of the type so general in the last century. It was procured by the writer a few years ago from that little-known part of Lincolnshire called the Isle of Axholme, and was proved to have been worked by one Mary Thompson, between the years 1790 and 1795.

In conclusion, I may remark that the sampler-pictures are the most advanced of this class of work. Our grandmothers, when of very tender years, commenced a sampler proper, and many of them never got beyond



A SAMPLER WORKED BY C. SCARCLIFF.

this. By those, however, who were industrious or had time at their disposal, a sampler-map would probably next be undertaken, and this be followed by a sampler-picture such as those depicted in these illustrations.

Up to the early part of the present century our ancestors considered not so much the quantity as the quality of the work they turned out.

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ROUND THE THEATRES.

Theatre-goers have lost Miss Violet Armbruster, for she has just married Mr. Robert Willis, of the Consular Service in China, the only son of the Vicar of Cudworth. Miss Armbruster is the only daughter of Mr. Carl Armbruster. She was educated at the Moravian School, Newnwick, and Queen's Art Schools, Bloomsbury, while her two brothers are Cambridge Honours men. She perfected music and singing thoroughly under her father, and is a skilled linguist. Lewis Wingfield introduced the young god Hymen for Mrs. Langtry's production of "As You Like It," Miss Armbruster filling the part. She then appeared in seventeen plays in London, and fulfilled a nine months' tour in thirty American cities with Mr. Willard. After this she took part in the first suburban tour of "White Heather," as Lady Hermione de Veaux, and was specially engaged as leading lady, Helena, in Mr. F. Wyndham's grand revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in Glasgow and Edinburgh.

Miss Olga Nethersole is, to my mind, a most tantalising person. She is continually adding to her repertory of plays and characters, and yet how many of these do we poor, benighted Londoners see? "Denise" and "The Wife of Scarli," for instance, have never yet reached the West-End; and now we have Miss Nethersole telling a Buffalo journalist about her plains of play-production. She has, it seems, secured from Max O'Rell a modern comedy, in which she will fill the part of "a woman who is the embodiment of generous, kindly humour," M. Paul Blouet affording the necessary contrast with other personages of "a humour more cruel, cutting, and satirical." Again, she has obtained the dramatic rights of one of Mr. Kipling's stories — "The Light that Failed" has already been dramatised, I may note — and even the great Edmond Rostand, of "Cyrano" fame, has promised to write a play for this most ambitious and persevering actress. American audiences have already seen Miss Nethersole in "The Termagant" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The latter play, and also "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," may perhaps be toured before long by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, our very latest, and, as some think, one of our best Lady Macbeths.

Another good balloon story. Mr. Henry Youens writes—

Mention has been recently made of a balloon ascent by the late "Bill Holland." It is a fact that he did, and in my balloon, in July, 1874; but my late son was the aeronaut, in consequence of his being able to play the cornet, and I could not. It was an arrangement made some time before, being on the occasion of an Oddfellows' fête. Every other ascent made from North Woolwich Gardens I had made for many years, under the proprietorship of Mr. Macnamara, C. Morton, and W. Holland; and that one with my late son was the only one he ever made; and both my son and Mr. Holland played the cornet as they ascended; and that was a fact, with a very large "F." Before this, however, we caught "The People's Caterer" in the Gardens, and heard a few incidents of his first balloon trip. He said, "I have crawled up into the ball of St. Paul's, and was twice carried by Blondin across the high rope. All these experiences had something unpleasant about them, but the balloon voyage was simply delightful. The descent was easily and safely effected," &c.

Thanks to my good friend Johnnie Gideon, as learned in the French stage as in the English, I have been able (writes Clement Scott) to trace back the "Lady Ursula" duel over the table even further than "Still Waters Run Deep." At the Princess's Theatre, in 1851; during the first management of Charles Kean and Robert Keeley, there was produced a wild and sensational melodrama called "Pauline," adapted by John Oxenford from a French Porte St. Martin play, "Le Gentilhomme de la Montagne," by old Dumas and Xavier de Montepin, which was, in turn, taken from a novel by Dumas of the same name. It was a startler indeed. There was in it a situation where Mrs. Charles Kean had to swing on a door that opened inwards from a flight of stone steps, in the burglars' cave, which was so realistic that, as I have often heard, the Queen, who was present with the Prince Consort and the little Prince of Wales—he was only ten years old—was visibly affected and frightened.

Here occurs the duel over the table—

LUCIEN. Let one pistol be loaded, and with no greater distance between us than this table, upon which you did not fear to sign a contract of marriage which would have disgraced all my family, let the result be in the will of Heaven.

HORACE. These pistols are both loaded, sir; take the ball from whichever you please.

LUCIEN. It is but fair that you should have the first choice.

HORACE. If we fight without witnesses there may be grounds for an accusation of assassination. Come in, gentlemen.

LUCIEN. Count three, Beauchamp; at the number three we will fire together.

BEAUCHAMP. One! two! three!

HORACE (*remains erect for a few moments, changing only in countenance; he then sinks forward on the table, but recovers himself, rises, and speaks*). I believe you have the best of it, Monsieur Lucien. Thank you—you have saved me from the scaffold. (*He dies.*)

For a few seconds no one in the audience knew which man was killed, until Charles Kean fell dead.

The management of the Alhambra have engaged a charming young American vocalist, Miss Maisie Turner, who will make her first appearance at the Halls next month. Miss Turner comes from Tennessee, where her forbears owned one of the oldest plantations, with a residence that, for the new country, is an ancient one. But the Civil War, in which both her grandfather and father fought for the fortunes of the South, wrought havoc

with the value of their property, as it did in numberless instances. Miss Turner has been much in Paris, where she has acquired perfection in the language; an admirable method in the use of a soprano voice of very delightful quality, and a *chic* and "go," as effective as refined, which should prove of enormous value in the career she has chosen. Authorities who have had an opportunity of judging prophesy a great success for this clever young artist.

The procession of animated "chips of the old block" continues to move on with unabated vigour. The latest recruit to the regiment of performers provided by Heredity is Miss Lucy Nicholls, daughter of that universally popular comedian, Mr. Harry Nicholls. Miss Nicholls made her regular professional debut in the part of a farm-lad in Mr. Oscar Barrett's pantomime, "Dick Whittington," at the Adelphi, with the best wishes of everyone for her success at the house where her father has long been so popular.



MISS VIOLET ARMBRUSTER, WHO HAS JUST MARRIED CONSUL WILLIS.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE CONDUCT OF A CIRCUS OR CIRCUS-RIDING.

When Wulff's Circus came to the Crystal Palace in December and gave its first performance before representatives of the Press, one of the best-applauded acts was performed by Mr. Edward Wulff's young son on the Hungarian thoroughbred horse Malatanius. The lad has a perfect seat in the saddle, he was quite at home on the back of the fiery horse, and



MASTER WULFF ON MALATANIUS.

made it go through all the evolutions taught by professors of the *haute école*. Strength, as well as nerve, was clearly demanded by such an exhibition, and soon after the first performance (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) I called at the Palace to make a few inquiries about the work, and found Mr. Wulff and his son together. The Circus was in full swing, but for the moment neither father nor son was required in the arena. I said that I had been struck by Master Wulff's complete control over Malatanius, and asked how long he had been practising to appear in public.

"He is fifteen now," said Mr. Wulff, looking with unmistakable pride at his son and heir, who was playing with a toy-terrier in a corner of the room, "and has been performing in public only three years. His first appearance on horseback was when he was two months old. The nurse brought him into the arena when we were rehearsing, and I put him in front of me on my horse. He at once grasped the mane, and only cried when the nurse wanted him back. After that, he had to wait three years before finding the saddle again, and since then has seldom been out of it, though I waited for his twelfth year before admitting him to the arena."

"Does that long apprenticeship account for his fine seat?" I asked.

"That," said the great trainer, "is a matter of teaching. I think the best riders are born, not made, but up to a certain point training is everything. If a man has never been on a horse before, however graceless and awkward he may be, I can give him a good seat; if he has been taught badly, it is very difficult to set him right. The first lessons are the most important, and enable the learner to do all ordinary riding."

"I suppose the methods of the *haute école* are not taught in England?"

"They are so far unknown," replied Mr. Wulff, "that the terms for them cannot be translated into English."

"And are they taught only for the Circus on the Continent?" I asked.

"Not at all," he replied. "On the Continent many ladies and gentlemen are taught by professors of the *haute école*. Army officers in particular study this fancy-riding. Paris, Berlin, and Vienna hold many men who can exercise the most graceful control over their horses, and have never been public riders in any sense."

"Has the Continent better horse-riders than England?"

"Certainly not," he replied. "I have never seen on the Continent anything to equal the cross-country riding as practised in this country. I am full of admiration for the way in which men and women go straight over all obstacles, and never allow anything to make them draw rein. You may claim the best jockeys, too. But with all this fearless, straightforward work the *haute école* is not concerned; and no comparison is possible."

"Who trained Malatanius?" I asked.

"He was trained by me," said Mr. Wulff; "and, when he was trained, I put my boy on him. No lad would be strong enough to deal with such a horse at first, and, though this one is being taught, he has only at present practised on ponies. He has already trained one."

"Does the training take long?"

"Some time is required," he answered, "while of patience there can be no end. I sometimes hear remarks that the training is cruel. This is quite absurd, and makes me wish that people could, and would, watch the training of a horse from start to finish. All horses are trained alike. Take Malatanius, for example. You can have no idea of the trouble and patience required to teach such a horse, but, if I lost my temper once, the whole trouble would be lost. A trainer must work ceaselessly to make his horse understand what is required. This understanding can be communicated only by unvarying kindness. Frighten the animal and it loses nerve, and will never be able to learn anything. I express no opinion about dogs; bears, and other animals less excitable. I claim to have trained very many, and have never been unkind to one; but, where horses are concerned, there can be no unkindness, since the first act of cruelty would make the best horse worthless for the arena. Then, again, nobody should attempt to train horses unless he is very fond of them. I can assure you that, wherever we go, our first care is for our horses, our last is for ourselves. If people took sufficient interest, I would gladly train a horse in public."

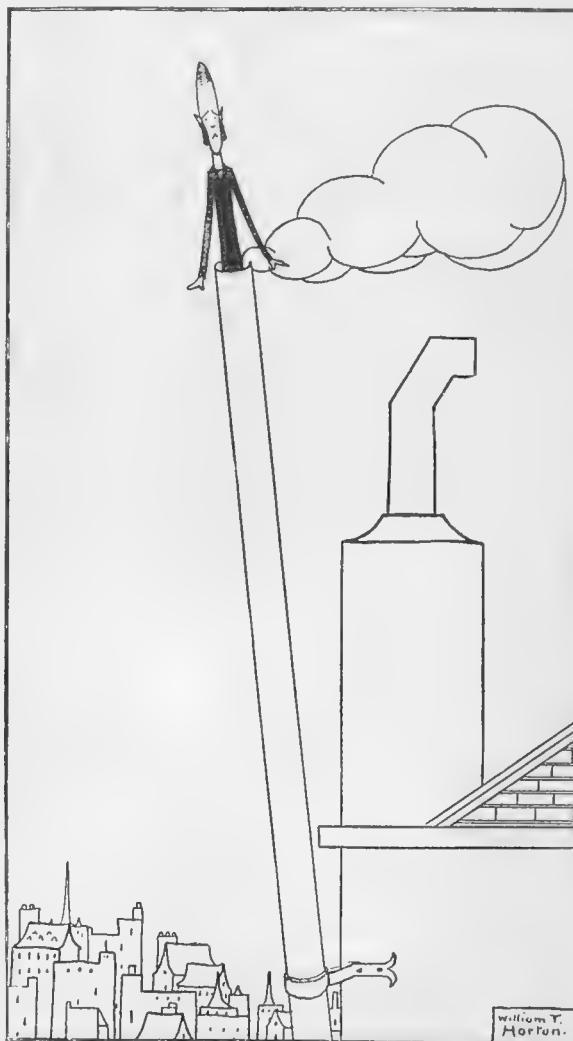
"You are training your son to ultimately succeed to your place?" I said. "What is the great secret, after kindness? How, for example, can you control a hundred horses in the ring at the same time? How can you set matters right if one or two fall from their place, and threaten to plunge the lines into confusion?"

"That is quite a mechanical gift," said Mr. Wulff, "and one I hope my son will also develop. You see me stand above all the horses with my long whip. It is to me like a wand. I can touch any one of the hundred with the lash just where I will, and this enables me to guide a horse, turn it round, make it go forward, or stand—in short, to control without frightening it. On this account I never fear confusion, no matter how many horses are employed at the one time. I always had a good control over the ring-master's whip, and the constant practice of a lifetime has done the rest. The whip in skilled hands is never an instrument of punishment; it is rather a guide and a valuable assistant."

"Do you have long rehearsals in the morning?"

"Oh no," he said, smiling; "exercise for half-an-hour, sometimes for as long as an hour; that is all that is required for show purposes."

The claims of the Circus then asserted themselves to bring our conversation to an end. Although nothing that Mr. Wulff said was calculated to suggest his own gifts, it is worth recalling the fact that he is reckoned to be one of the best riders and the best trainer of horses in all Europe. His life has been given to the work, and, outside the domain of his public labours, he has a host of commissions from distinguished people to train and break-in animals apparently unmanageable. His son seems to have inherited the gifts and the love of animals, and bids fair to maintain the family traditions.



UP THE SPOUT.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 18, 5.24; Thursday, 5.25; Friday, 5.27; Saturday, 5.29; Sunday, 5.31; Monday, 5.33; Tuesday, 5.35.

According to the current number of the *Cyclists' Touring Club Magazine*, the following was the total membership of the club last year—

Renewed subscribers, 33,128. New members: January, 1331; February, 1615; March, 1796; April, 2101; May, 2835; June, 2879; July, 2497; August, 2619; September, 2072; October, 847; November, 350; December, 100—21,114. Life members, 90. Total, 54,332.

These figures speak for themselves, the falling-off towards the close of the year being due, of course, to the winter. The "C. T. C."

has benefited cyclists enormously from first to last, and I would strongly advise all wheelmen and wheelwomen to join it. The annual subscription is a nominal one, merely five shillings; the entrance fee, one shilling.



The gay Parisienne, she do capture all ze men, with ze saucy little knicks she has for biking. When she ventures in the Bois, then the Messieurs whisper "Ah!" for a belle ballooned is greatly to their liking.

the rider is "thus enabled to mount and to dismount whenever [and presumably wheresoever] she pleases." Of course, that "she" is gratifying to masculine hearing, but, as a fact, fully as many men as women would be glad of the assistance of the portable kerb. I may add that the "stone" is made apparently of metal, that it is hollow, and that it is connected with the machine by means of a movable arm. A flat-iron would, no doubt, answer the purpose almost as well, and a few portable flat roads would not come amiss.

A correspondent wants to know if I can tell him where the "Crayon obturateur," or "stop-pencil," may be obtained, and what it is like. So far as I am aware, the stop-pencil is made and sold only in Paris. It was exhibited at the Salon du Cycle, and it consisted of a stick of prepared rubber capable of being fused after the manner of indiarubber. In order to repair an ordinary puncture, you had merely to light a match, melt the end of the pencil, precisely as sealing-wax is melted, and drop the melted rubber upon the punctured spot. Within about two minutes the rubber hardened and became firm, *et puis ça y est*, as the showman said to me. Why so apparently excellent and simple a puncture-repairer has not come to the front is another of those puzzles with which all inventors are familiar.

The twenty-four hours' bicycle-race in New York ended in the presence of eight thousand spectators. The first prize, a thousand dollars, went to Louis Gimm, of Pittsburg, who won the race by two and a-half feet from Pierce, the Canadian, who, in turn, beat Turville, of Philadelphia, by a few inches; Frederick, of Switzerland, who was fourth, was only a wheel's length from the winner. The men covered four hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours. The eighteen who started on Friday included Waller, Hale, and Miller, well-known cyclists. All but four dropped out before the finish, exhausted by the terrible strain of continuous pedalling. Several were in a condition bordering on collapse.

Last year I wrote feelingly upon the subject of the perfectly ridiculous and useless contests, similar to those described above, which were held then in Madison Square Garden, and which I myself witnessed, and soon afterwards it was reported in the New York Press that no competitions of the sort would be allowed to take place again. Last week's races, however, were, if possible, even more barbarous than those held last year, and, if anything is likely to lower still further the tone of cycle-racing, these utterly useless exhibitions, organised solely in order to swell the management's exchequer, are calculated to accomplish that object.

Fortunately, the interest of the British public in cycle-racing is steadily dwindling, and we English may therefore congratulate ourselves upon the fact that in London, at any rate, we are not likely to witness foolish contests in any way similar to those which have just taken place in New York.

According to the *Paris Journal Officiel*, the President of the French Republic has just decreed that on and after May 1 of this year every cycle or similar apparatus will be compelled to carry at least one badge, all contraventions of this law to be punishable with the penalties fixed by the law of "Simple Police," without prejudice to the doubling of the tax incurred by defect or inexactitude in the declaration. Moreover, the badge, which is to be made of metal, shall be available only until May 1 of the following year, each cycle shall have a separate badge for every seat that it carries, and all the badges shall be distinctly visible when the riders are mounted upon the machine. Cycles owned by persons residing abroad, however, will be allowed to enter France without a badge, but then the owner's sojourn on French soil shall not exceed three consecutive months, and he shall, as soon as he has entered France, apply to the Customs agents for a cycle-permit, which shall duly be delivered to him upon a paper bearing a sixty-centime stamp. This document the cyclist will be expected to produce whenever it is asked for.

The poverty of the clergy is a complaint that is ever ringing in our ears. Yet it is not only the clergy of the Church of England that are underpaid. In the United States of America, apparently, the Methodist ministers find a difficulty in making both ends meet, for one of them, hailing from Wisconsin, has resigned his pastorate owing to the scantiness of the stipend provided for him by his faithful flock, and, in place of supplying them with spiritual food, is now pushing the sale of an automatic pantaloons-guard for cyclists, a trifle of his own invention. How the pantaloons-guard works automatically I am not in a position to say. Does the cyclist put a penny in the slot and receive a pair of trouser-clips? Or has the reverend gentleman gone one better, and does he by simply pressing a button convert his flopping pantaloons into a neat pair of cycling-knickers? Anyhow, there is bitter irony in the suggestion that trouser-guards pay better than the Gospel.

Cycling has been so much in favour with the medical profession that it is quite refreshing to meet with an opposite opinion, if only for the sake of argument. Doctors have recommended cycling almost universally, and we have come to regard the wheel as the panacea for every ill that flesh is heir to. Not a few once pale, anæmic faces of my acquaintance are now ruddy with the bloom of health, and this change has been attributed without question to the wholesome exercise of cycling. But an American doctor says this is quite a mistake. Cycling doesn't make girls healthy and pretty; on the contrary, it makes them ugly. "The lady cyclist," he says, "may be identified by her squeaky voice, large, broad, and flat hands, coarse skin, wrinkled face, and small, piercing, bloodshot eyes." This is a terrible revelation!—only, I don't believe him.

Last Sunday I heard a clergyman hold forth to a small congregation on the duty of going to church. It struck me that those to whom he was preaching were the very ones who did go to church, and needed not the exhortation, while the people to whom his words were applicable were those who did not, and could not, hear them. Similarly, if in this column I call attention to the duties of pedestrians, it is highly probable that pedestrians will not read my sage advice. What I wish to say is that very many accidents are caused by pedestrians totally disregarding the rule of the road. The rule of the footpath follows the Continental custom of "keep to the right," but when a person steps off the footpath and walks on the roadway he must surely conform to the rule of the road for vehicles, which is the reverse. Disregard of this rule has caused many an accident, yet the cyclist usually gets the blame. It is an absurd anomaly that there should be one rule for the footpath and another for the roadway, yet so it is. Should this meet the eye of any pedestrian, I beg him or her (the delinquent is more frequently "her") to be careful in walking on the highway to observe the English rule of the road, which is "keep to the left."



A NEW YEAR'S CARD FROM THE CAPE.

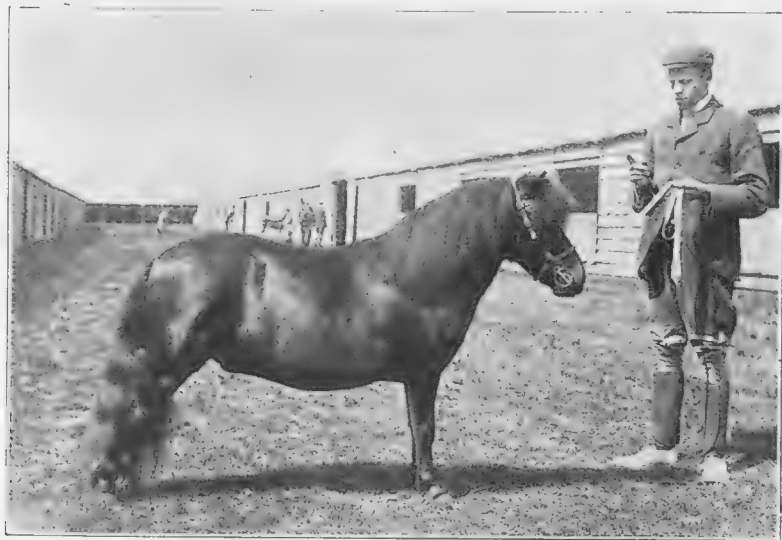
BAYLIS CAMP AT UMNENU SEA, TEMBULAND, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The opponents of docking will thank me for showing my readers how pretty a thing a tail is. Look at these ponies. Could anything be more graceful than their lovely tails?

The Ascot Meeting this year opens on June 13, and, provided royalty is present and a Semi-State Procession takes place, the attendance will be



MR. W. HOPE-JOHNSTONE'S MOUNTAIN PONY, SKYLARK.

amongst one, as the racing is likely to be far above the average, and the contest for the Gold Cup may be the swagger event of the season. If we do not get any very hard frosts in the meantime, the course will be in better order than it has been for years, and, if Major Clement could only devise some arrangement to keep all pedestrian traffic off the running-track during the four days of the meeting, the going would, I am sure, remain good up till the Friday night. It is only opposite the stands where the turf wears so badly, and nothing can remedy this so long as pedestrians are allowed on it.

Already the Continental list men are out with offers on the Spring Handicaps, but the prices are not over-liberal. For instance, 24 to 1 on the field for the Grand National is hardly likely to lead to much business, seeing the handicapper has yet to have his say. It is possible to get 36 to 1 against any horse for the Lincoln Handicap, and it would be very unfair to suggest a likely one before the handicap has been made. At the same time, I am told that a lot of money has already gone on one or two horses for the Lincoln, and in one case it is thought the animal cannot be weighted out of the race.

Some gentlemen take the deepest interest in racing matters, and they spare no expense in getting information. I know of a millionaire, living thirty miles from London, whose secretary has to take the special sporting papers down to him by train every Monday night after six o'clock, and he of the money-bags begins sizing up the form of horses having future engagements directly the papers arrive. I have heard of another rich old gentleman, a well-known habitué of the sporting clubs, who always frames the handicaps for himself, and, when the official weights are issued, he backs those horses that he considers have been favoured by the official handicapper.

Will our jockeys adopt the Sloan style this year? I think the majority of them will. Those who do not will be "badly left," as the Americans say. Many trainers and the majority of the backers think there is something more than luck to account for Sloan's phenomenal success. I am convinced his style of riding is far ahead of that adopted by our jockeys, who sometimes indulge in tall flourishes, and at others pull their horses' heads half off. As I have said many times before, Sloan's manner in dealing with a horse is gentle and very attractive. Further, I am sure his musical voice is reassuring to a shy thoroughbred, while his position in riding is absolutely perfect.

Many times I have praised the smartness displayed by the telegraph operators when sending away racing results, but it seems there is some room for improvement in the "T. S." department of the "G. P. O." in the matter of result messages that have to be duplicated. I am told a private message would beat a duplicated one by a minute or two, and this in the case of a "result" would at times be serious. If messages have to be copied on "blacks" before being re-transferred, it means a great delay, and I fancy a system could be adopted, especially by the aid of the Morse sounders, to send the message away without going through the formality of "blackening," which, I should explain, means the taking of so many written copies of the one message.

One is almost bound to get impatient with the sort of sport shown of late under National Hunt Rules. We meet the same old horses day after

day that we have seen running for years, and showing the same in-and-out form that we have now become quite used to. What is wanted is new horses and new owners; and I think, now that the Prince of Wales has a good jumper in training, he might be induced to preside over the National Hunt Committee once more, especially should Ambush II. be fortunate enough to win this year's Grand National.

"The Stable" is a handsome new illustrated weekly of convenient form, dealing with everything of interest to owners of horses and carriages in particular, and to lovers of horses generally.

I regret to hear that several leading sportsmen are laid low by the demon influenza. As a rule, the regular racegoers enjoy the best of health, yet they run some terrible risks at times, sleeping in damp beds, to say nothing of their daily contact with the wind and weather. I have, however, noticed that the temperate men are seldom laid up, while those who over-indulge in eating and drinking are liable to catch everything that is going. Further, those bookmakers who are teetotallers retain their fine, musical voices, while the husky voice of the wine-bibber is easily recognised in the betting-rings.

CAPTAIN COE.

GOLF.

Though it is only ten years since golf was introduced into America, the pastime has now become the most popular sport in the United States. During the past season, acres of meadow-land were suddenly transformed into scenes of animated gaiety, and all because a few holes had been cut in the turf at proper distances, discs or little fluttering flags fixed in the ground to mark the quickly made greens, and a number of diminutive caddies secured, for they can always be relied on, according to the *New York Times*, to impart a genuine golfing tone to a course, no matter how primitive it may be. That journal declares that it matters little where people go, whether on the sand-hills of Long Island or upon the loftiest heights of Adirondacks or White Mountains, golf is sure to be found. By the seashore and among the mountains the staccato cry of "Fore!" as the player warns those in front of him that he is preparing to drive a ball, has been more familiar than another to the ear of the sojourner.

HUNTING.

What a number of fatal hunting accidents have occurred this season! First was that to Hurrell, the first whipper-in to the Puckeridge Hounds, who was found dead in two feet of water, into which he appears to have fallen insensible. Then Colonel Bernard Heygate sustained fracture of the skull from a fall caused by a stumbling horse when he was out with that little-known but sporting pack the Hundred of Hoo. On Boxing Day, while out with the Belvoir, young Mr. Lubbock's horse turned over at a railway-gate on a level-crossing, and, rolling upon its rider, inflicted such injuries that death ensued on Wednesday night. A terrible fate overtook James Collings, huntsman of the South Devon. The fox had gone to ground among some rocks on a steep hillside after a long run, and Collings had caused some stones to be moved in order to admit the terrier to bolt him. The removal of one set a large boulder in motion, and, before he could get out of the way, the unfortunate man was literally crushed under it. Not a hunting accident, but singular and gruesome enough for a page in a sensational novel, was the experience which befell followers of the East Devon Hounds a few days before Christmas. They were hunting in a remote corner of the moors when hounds discovered the dead body of an unfortunate drover who had been missing for nearly a fortnight.



THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE'S MOUNTAIN PONY, LADY WHITE.

The foal was born in a Show, and this picture was taken when he was two days old.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 25.

THE MONETARY POSITION.

For the moment, at least, all indications point to cheap money, and even discount rates are coming down, despite the strenuous efforts of the majority of the houses who deal in bills to keep the price up. What will happen in February is quite another matter, but sufficient for the

day is the evil thereof, so let us be thankful for small mercies. Many people expect that the Bank directors will have to put their rate down; but, for our own part, we feel fairly confident that this will not take place at the next meeting of the Court, whatever may happen at the end of the month. Nor is it at all clear that the present abundance of loanable capital will last through the spring.

On the Stock Exchange, borrowers got all they wanted at $3\frac{1}{4}$, or, in some cases, even 3 per cent.; but the demand was in no way remarkable, considering the extent to which speculation is developing.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

The political complications which overhang the French Markets have produced considerable uneasiness, but towards the end of the week there has been a better tendency. On the whole, Spanish bonds have been firm, while the weaken-



"THE AMERICAN MARKET."

ing of the gold premium in Argentina has counteracted the news of the new loan and kept the price steady. Egyptian Unified have been bought, as have Uruguay issues. It is said that considerable orders have come from Monte Video. The earlier Chinese issues appear to us to be the cheapest thing in this section, especially the loan issued by the Chartered Bank, which is clearly the pick of the basket, and can be bought at about 109.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

Chacun à son goût—"everybody has the gout," as the little girl translated it—and the weather this week has been enough to give the aristocratic ailment to markets all round. Singularly enough, the dampness of the atmosphere appeared to suit the taste of Stock Exchange "bulls," for, while the rain was managing to leak into the very House itself, prices even in the Home Railway Market sustained a gallant advance, and "the week finished strong," as a jobber, regardless of grammar, remarked to me as we left Capel Court together this afternoon.

The Consol Market is brooding over what may happen if the Indian Currency Commission decide definitely to fix the price of the rupee at sixteenpence, and the first report that such an event might be looked for was followed by a smart rise in Rupee Paper. Other Indian stocks sympathised, and the market for Indian Rails was calmly agitated for a little while, although the lines will not derive much direct benefit if the scheme comes into operation, after all. The new Natal scrip is being quietly picked up by investors and speculators alike, and to those who want the stock to put away I should advise a purchase for cash, as the price for the Special Settlement is a fraction higher. So long as money continues as abundant as it is, there seems a fair prospect of a rise in other Colonial stocks. It is, however, almost impossible to get a long-dated loan which pays more than $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the money invested. Newfoundland Fours, 1913-38, yield $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., but the colony has troubles of its own which render its loans less secure than others in the same list. After all, the new Natal, at about 1 per cent. premium, looks about the cheapest of the lot.

The Home Railway Market was not a little disgusted when the Great Central statement appeared on the Account Day. A small distribution had been looked for upon "Sheffield 1894," but this stock gets nothing at all, and a sharp drop in the price naturally ensued. The air, of course, is charged with dividend rumours all round the House, and the "Heavy" Railway Market is resigning itself to anticipations of the "same as last" upon all its stocks, with the exception of North-Eastern Consols and Great Western Ordinary. Upon the first, a higher dividend is looked for than the 7 per cent. declared this time last year, and, of course, no one expects the Great Western will pay more than about half the $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of February 1898. I have not heard that there is likely to be any serious overcrowding in this department of the House when the new members arrive in March. Speculation in "Heavies" has become almost a thing of the past. It is rather amusing to note, *en passant*, that the recent edict of the Stock Exchange managers (by which the annual subscription for all fresh members elected after next March will be raised to forty guineas) has had an unexpected effect. Since Jan. 6 no fewer than five-and-twenty new men are up for election, although their thirty-guinea subscription-fee will only take them up to March 25, when another sum of the same amount will become due for the year 1899-1900. Of course, the idea is to squeeze into membership before the forty-guinea rule comes into force.

Yankees and Kaffirs are running a neck-and-neck race for the boomlet leadership. The former seem at last to be drawing the American public into the game; Kaffirs are being upheld by Continental buying and the financial groups at home. The brilliancy of the Kaffir ascent was dazzling, and reckless tips found a wide circulation. Knight's Central are talked much higher; the property is said to be as good as that of the Witwatersrand (Knight's) Company

itself, but the shares were rushed up from fifteen shillings to forty-five in less than a fortnight, and there is sure to be some profit-taking. Simmer West shares are worth watching, and Apex, after their severe fall, have come slightly into favour. So far as dividends go, the Barnato shares—Glencairn, Ginsberg, New Primrose, &c.—certainly look cheap, but there is a strange prejudice existing against this group, and buyers seem to fight shy of it. Jubilee and Knights are attractive; but, after all, the prices of good things in the Kaffir Market seem pretty well up to their intrinsic value (which is, however, lower than their speculative worth), and the bad ones are dear at any price. Rhodesians had their fling in November and December. They hardly seem to have mustered up sufficient courage for another campaign at present, and, until the leading mines have been developing for six months, rash advice would it be to urge a purchase at to-day's prices.

I have referred on previous occasions to the book of Stock Exchange cartoons entitled "All Round the House," and, by the genial courtesy of Mr. G. B. Beeman, I can give my readers some idea of the work's scope. The two cartoons which adorn our "City Notes" this week are representative of the two great "Markets of the Day." Everyone in the American Market knows the subject of the first sketch, whose popularity, 'tis said, was very helpful to his son when the latter was applying for the Secretaryship to the Stock Exchange Committee, a post which he obtained and has filled with honour. When his election was made known, the American Market burst into a great cheer, and "Old Satt," as he is playfully called, came in for a regular ovation on his son's account. The second gentleman can usually be found in the Kaffir Market. "There's our sprig of the nobility," observed a broker with a smile, as he turned over the beautifully printed pages of "All Round the House," and good-nature ripples wide within that manly bosom. There are two other pictures on the way; they must appear next week. It is a thousand pities that the original intention of selling the work at five shillings per copy could not be adhered to, and the loss to the Jersey Boys' Home and the Stock Exchange Clerks' Provident Fund must be something considerable.

"Wanted, a Copper Market"—that is to say, an area devoted to dealings in shares of Copper Mining companies in the Stock Exchange. In the wild rush that this week has witnessed for Copper descriptions, a broker might almost be excused for wrathful expressions at having to deal in Rio Tinto in the Foreign Market, Utahs in the Kaffir Circus, Capes and Namaqua in the Miscellaneous Mining, and Hall Mines in the Klondyke Market. I would suggest that a local habitation might be conveniently found in what used to be known as the Brighton Market, before the latter becomes entirely the property of jobbers in Yankee Rails.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE AMERICAN MARKET.

See-sawing along in its old familiar style, up one day and down the next, the American Market has contrived to keep up its prices remarkably well. The reactions since we last wrote have been slight, and a particularly bullish sentiment has infused lively satisfaction into the hearts of the jobbers of Shorter's Court, the majority of them being



"DID YOU SAY KAFFIRS?"

operators for the rise. A strong tower of support was that long-expected dividend on Louisville and Nashville, although, had the prevailing optimism been but a few degrees less, there would probably have been some disappointment at a distribution of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. when 2 per cent. has been confidently predicted. In the general rise the

Common Shares of various companies have largely participated, and a note of warning may be timely to those whose means for gambling are limited to the extent of "running" the cheaper class of American shares. Of course, everybody knows perfectly well that nearly all of these are simply counters, since the chance of their receiving a dividend during the present generation is distinctly remote, and in any relapse the minor shares will quickly revert to their true values.

Turning to the rest of the market, we are of opinion that the time is approaching for a salutary reaction to take place. In spite of the huge number of shares which change hands in New York every day, there is yet but little sign—as we have been pointing out for the last month—that the public on this side are indulging in more than a mere nibble at Yankees.

THE KAFFIR BOOMLET.

Nobody seems quite to know where the rise came from. After the way in which Kaffirs have hung fire for the last three months, it was certainly startling to behold the way in which prices were hoisted up during the past week. One thing is pretty certain: whoever else may have been responsible for the advance, the public at large is *not*. The issuing and promoting houses seem to have laid their heads together, in order to bring about a general rise in the better-class "Gold" shares. The prospects of these Kaffirs were discussed in our columns early last autumn, when we insisted that a patient buyer at that time would see a profit in a few months. The rise has come, and we are thankful to say that at present it has been mostly confined to those shares whose position really warranted a speculative advance.

The output of the Rand for last month formed another record total, bringing the figures for 1898 to an amount largely in excess of any previous year. Apart from this, however, we hardly see how the rise could have come at this particular juncture unless there had actually been concerted action upon the part of the big houses. The position in Johannesburg, so far as one can judge from the conflicting reports that come from the other side, is rapidly becoming more and more grave, and the Boer *v.* Uitlander question stands in the way of any reforms, mining or otherwise. So long as politics remain the dominant note of the situation, so long it seems hopeless to expect any peace between the burghers and the majority of the Transvaal population. Mr. George Albu, in his speech at the George Goch meeting in Johannesburg last Wednesday, referred to the dangerous political agitation which was being fostered by irresponsible men without share in the country or the mining industry. He strongly condemned the attitude of both the British Consul and the South African League, concluding with a vigorous defence of the Transvaal Government. The same day upon which his speech was cabled to London the mail brought newspapers which told stories displaying only too strongly the intense racial feeling which exists. The mines, of course, are bound to suffer, and we should not be a bit surprised if the event proves that the Kaffir Market in its eager haste for a rise has not once more made a false start.

WESTRALIANS.

'Tis but a short cry from Kaffirs to Westralians. The strength of the one is very often reflected in the other, and already the rise in Kaffirs has been succeeded by an improvement in the best West Australian shares. The market has been quiescent for a long time, but the inherent strength of the high-priced shares is a capital sign of what may happen to those which, up to the present, have not entered the dividend list. We are constantly receiving letters from correspondents asking whether they should hold or sell West Australian shares which, in the majority of cases, they have acquired at a good deal higher prices. For a general rule, it is, perhaps, safe to say that, when the shares are in companies whose property lies in a good position in the Colony, the wiser plan is to quietly await the course of events. For instance, if payable gold has been found near the property whose prospects are in question, we should be inclined to advise a holder not to part with shares for the present, but, on the other hand, where a concern is heavily over-capitalised, and the shares stand at rubbish prices, the best plan in most cases is to cut the thing altogether, pocket the loss, and hope for better luck next time.

The sensational rise in Golden Horseshoe has astonished even the staunchest supporters of the shares, although in some quarters a further advance is still predicted. We have our doubts, however. Hannan's Brown Hill has declared a dividend of seven-and-sixpence a-share, which is about what was expected. The Lake View group is again becoming prominent, and Globes are once more on the way to fifteen shillings.

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY.

Some two or three years ago, when the man Lawson began issuing circus-playbill sort of prospectuses dealing with motor patents, and claiming to control the industry, we denounced the fellow and his works in no measured terms, and we have never ceased to warn our readers against having anything to do with the caricatures of companies which he formed. Now every one of Lawson's motor promotions is engaged in a vortex of litigation, and, so far as this country is concerned, the industry has been blighted by the contamination which attaches to all things Lawsonian.

It is a pity, and an eminent example of how sometimes our Joint Stock laws (as now administered) can cripple an industry, but a scheme has been put forward in the *Westminster Gazette* for a reconstruction of the whole Lawsonian group, which might be a happy ending of all the trouble, if it were not that Lawson and his crew will never submit to carrying out fairly Mr. Duguid's proposal, and that, even if they did, it

would take years to obliterate the memory of their evil deeds. The scent of the skunk remains long after the animal has been killed, as we all know. If unfortunate shareholders in the Lawsonian Motor Companies take our advice, they will consult Messrs. Manton and Morris, who are already acting for several groups, and who may be trusted to get more of their cash back than is ever likely to be made out of any reconstruction scheme in which Harry J. Lawson has a hand.

ISSUES.

The Moss Bay Hematite Iron and Steel Company, Limited, is offering £125,000 4½ per Cent. Debentures at par. The proceeds of the issue are to be applied to the redemption of the company's present 5 per Cent. Debentures and of a mortgage of Harlington Harbour. The security at book-values stands at £517,046, which is apparently ample, but it must not be forgotten that the bulk of this is made up of blast-furnaces, iron-ore mines, and suchlike things, as to which there is a vast difference between book and realisable value. Even allowing for all this, however, the Debentures appear well covered, especially as the smallest profits made in the last three years are about four times the interest required for the present issue. Personally, we should not invest our own money in debentures on ironworks and mines at less than 5 per cent., and, if the present issue had carried that rate of interest, we should have considered them a very useful security; but we suppose that in these days many people will be glad to get a reasonably safe 4½ per cent. when they find it so difficult to obtain more.

Borax Consolidated, Limited.—This is another of those huge amalgamations with which the world has got familiar and which are intended to overcome competition by forming a "trust" or ring. The capital is £1,400,000, divided into 60,000 Ordinary shares and 80,000 5½ per Cent. Preference shares of £10 each, in addition to which there are £1,000,000 of 4½ per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures. Only Debentures and Preference shares are being offered for subscription. The company will absorb twelve borax-producing concerns which have hitherto been more or less run in competition. The assets are valued, according to the prospectus, at £3,148,412, but the purchase-price is fixed by the vendor at only £2,100,000, and, as he is admittedly making a profit, it is clear that somebody is selling too cheap. It will be a new experience for the public to buy for two-thirds of the value after their Hooley experiences. The Debentures are collaterally secured by a "sinking-fund policy" with the Sun Life Office, but the terms of this policy are not apparent.

Saturday, Jan. 14, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CABLE.—(1) The market has a poor opinion of this telegraph concern. (2 and 3) These companies have entered into a working agreement which is practically equal to an amalgamation, and are doing well.

YANKEE.—We are unable to obtain any reliable information as to this company, but there are sellers and no buyers on the market. The report is expected shortly.

CASTLE.—(1) Africanders are a gamble pure and simple; we would rather not express an opinion as to whether they are the pick of low-priced Africans. They are likely to go better if puffing can do it. (2) Hold Oroya shares. The company's prospects are looked upon in the market as above the average.

AJAX.—(1) We do not advise you to join the reconstruction. (2) The New Schultze shares are a very speculative investment. The old company paid 20 per cent. on a capital of £60,000, but the present concern has a capital of £325,000, which is a horse of a different colour.

F. W. P.—We answered your letter fully on the 11th inst.

ENGINEER.—You would be fairly safe in buying Mellin's Food Company for Australia 6 per cent. Preference shares, which have their dividend guaranteed by the parent company for twenty years; or, if you split the money between these and, say, Chadburn's (Ship) Telegraph 6 per cent. Pref., you would, at present prices, be pretty sure to get 5 per cent. for the money.

NOX.—We should sell. The dividend is by no means certain.

PABLO.—(1) You may keep your Schweppes Preference if you want a reasonably safe dividend. (2) We really do not know what to advise, for, although the shares are intrinsically high enough, it is very likely they may go better.

M.R.C.S.—The company was a rotten one, and we think you will probably lose your money; but you can't sell, so that alternative may be dismissed at once. The issue was underwritten, but the underwriters were mostly bad, and the reason we have such a poor opinion of the future is because there is not enough working capital. Given enough money to run the business properly, it should prove remunerative.

MIKE.—Your list is not a bad one, but we do not like Nos. 9, 10, and 11, while No. 7 is very high. If you were to spread your money over Nos. 1, 2, 5, and 6, adding 5 United States Brewing Ordinary shares, 50 Mellin's Food Company for Australia 6 per cent. Preference shares, and £50 Industrial and General Trust Unified stock, we think you would be fairly safe.

COLUMBUS.—We do not advise you to join the gamble after the heavy advance that has lately taken place.

J. R. S.—Thank you for pointing out the mistake. It is so clearly a clerical error that no one could be misled by it.

CONSTANT.—(1) The company is, no doubt, doing well—very well, but, like all concerns depending on patents, it is somewhat speculative. The difficulty is that, every year, some fresh machine gets brought out, and the company has to buy it up to keep its monopoly. We know of no immediate danger. As to 2, 3, 4, and 5, if cheap money lasts, there is more reason to expect a rise than a fall, but we should be inclined to let half No. 5 go at present price; also, perhaps, some of No. 3.

AVONDALE.—No. It is not a security we recommend.

HARDEBECK AND BORNHARDT, LIMITED.

We are asked to state that the directors of the above company have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum, free of Income Tax, on the 60,000 Ordinary shares, warrants for which were posted on the 14th inst.

During the Cuban War, the American Tobacco Company, on discovering that the camps and hospitals of the American Tommies were not supplied with tobacco, gave outright to the soldiers and sailors, free of cost, over 100,000 lb. of "Old Gold" Cigarettes and Tobacco, and bought and distributed 50,000 briarwood pipes, at a total cost of between 50,000 and 60,000 dollars.